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SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street, W.

CHILDREN OF THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE ENDOWMENT OF HORTICULTURE.

IT has been a great pleasure to us from time to time to reproduce in our pages photographs of the institutions erected by the great benefactors of the past, many of which are enduring and beautiful monuments to their founders, as well as blessings to those who benefit by them. But our gratitude to those who have lived generations ago ought not to blind us to work of equal magnitude done by men who have been our contemporaries. The bequest left by the late Cecil Rhodes, which has had the effect of binding our dependencies together in Universities, is the example that comes most readily to one's mind. But quite recently several other very munificent gifts have had to be chronicled. One of these is the great stretch of ground given by Mr. Cameron Corbett to the Corporation of Glasgow, "a mountain territory which will be their own for all time." And now a gift of no less importance has to be recorded. We refer to that which is described in the will of the late Mr. John Innes of Merton, Surrey. It will be remembered that he died about twelve months ago, leaving a fortune of £338,000. In his will generous provision is made for the various servants who were in his employment at the time of his death; but his house, the Manor Farm, Merton, and eleven acres of land are given to his trustees upon the following trusts: "To establish thereon a school of horticulture, or such other technical or industrial institution as the law will allow, to give technical instruction in the science of horticulture, and the necessary physical and mental training incidental thereto." He was also wishful that provision should be made for workshops, tools, plant, scientific apparatus, libraries, lecture-rooms, drill halls, and so forth; and, if the scheme were not legal or practicable, he suggested, as an alternative, that a great museum should be built. After allowing for the various legacies, annuities, and other bequests, it is calculated that there will remain about £200,000 for the public and charitable uses mentioned in the will.

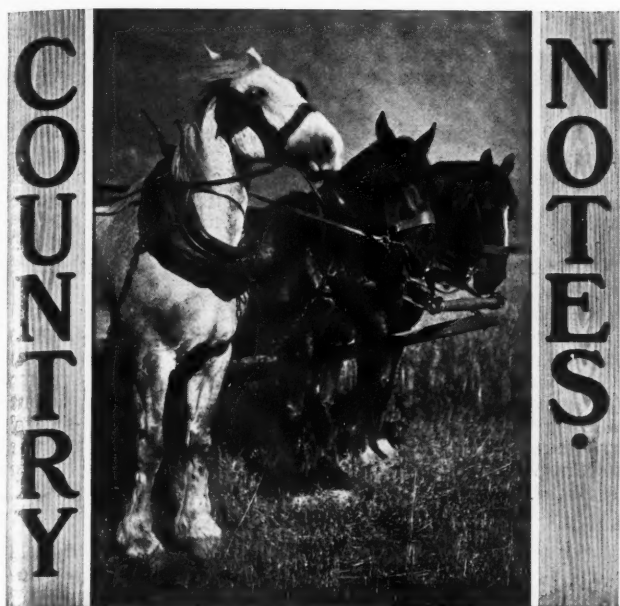
No man could have left a fortune more wisely, that is to say if it be wisely dealt with. A great school of horticulture was very much needed in Great Britain, where the science and practice of gardening have undergone a very remarkable revival during the last decade or two. The attention of people has

been directed to the very fine horticultural labour of our ancestors, who, it is no exaggeration to say, in many cases laid out their grounds and gardens with a taste and discrimination for which we might seek in vain to-day. The early part of the Victorian era was inimical to art of all kinds, but particularly to the beauty that we associate with our homes and gardens. In all the houses built during that period, and in the grounds adjoining them, there is to be discerned a certain garishness and vulgarity which would not have been tolerated either in Tudor times, or in the somewhat artificial eighteenth century. Latterly, however, the effects of this tradition have been less visible, and people are again learning to appreciate the simple and beautiful in their gardens. Still there is much to do, and it is most necessary and desirable that a centre should be formed where sound ideas on the subject will be carefully taught. If no philanthropist had thought of bequeathing his fortune for such a purpose it would have been a good thing for the Government of the country to take up on its own account. In nothing is an eclectic æstheticism more remunerative in the right way than in the arrangement and management of a garden; yet if anyone were desirous at the present moment of constructing such a garden as we have in our imagination, he would find it very difficult to procure the skilled men who are needed to give expression to his views. And this is particularly the case with those who, having been in business all their lives and given their whole attention to it, have neither had the leisure nor the opportunity to learn something of this beautiful art for themselves. It is, in fact, their demand which makes gardening something of a profession for which the student needs special equipment. The intention of Mr. Innes, if we correctly understand the terms of his will, was not directly to improve the gardens, but to found a school for teaching young men and fitting them generally to carry out the calling of a gardener. At least, that is what fits in best with the general scheme of his will, which bears every mark of having been composed by a true philanthropist.

It may be assumed that much more than the æsthetic side of gardening will receive attention at the new institution when it comes to be formed. After all, the vast majority of gardens do not belong to those who have unlimited wealth at their command, and use them only for recreation. The most common form of gardening is that out of which some poor man earns his livelihood. How to train him to do this will no doubt be the problem that the trustees will try to solve; for it has to be remembered that the most successful gardeners in England at the present time are those who have themselves been brought up in the neighbourhood of gardens, and whose ancestors have, in many instances, gardened for generations. Often enough we hear in the country of this or the other man who has tried to grow fruit and vegetables for the market, and has been unable to make even a pittance of a wage, although he be placed beside others able to gain their livelihood from the same source. It is experience which makes the difference between success and failure, given that other things, such as energy, industry, and intelligence, are equal; many qualities can be brought to bear upon gardening without ensuring success. Plants, like animals, demand, we had almost said, sympathy in their treatment; at any rate, they need a very full understanding. Nor is that all. After the produce has been brought to perfection it requires to be marketed with art and prudence. In this respect our gardeners are notoriously behindhand. The writer was asked to look at a new orchard a few days ago; it covers about seven acres, and the owner of it, who depends for his livelihood upon his fruit, had mixed every possible variety of tree that he could lay hands on. When in after years the fruit comes to be sent to market, the disadvantage of this will be more felt than it is just now. Either it will have to be sorted up into different packages, or it will be sent in a miscellaneous heap, which every auctioneer in the market will be shy of; for the way to sell apples, for instance, profitably, is to send many of the same kind, and the nearer they are to the same size and colour the better. Uniformity is as much the cry of those who sell fruit as it is of the grocer who disposes of butter. These, it may be said, are but trifles, yet unless those who wish to live out of their gardens learn those trifles, they are engaged in what practically amounts to beating the air. A good school of horticulture would not only give the students a thorough understanding of plants and plant-life, and of the best methods of fostering it, but would also impart tidy and methodical habits of packing and marketing.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the children of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Marquess of Worcester and his two sisters, the Ladies Blanche and Diana Somerset.



It is extremely difficult to make out what is going on at the Peace Congress. The newspaper correspondents are evidently guessing, and in financial circles, which are often better informed than journalists, the belief is prevalent that the pessimism which has been so generally expressed is not well founded. The story is that four of the most important proposals made by Japan have been decisively rejected by Russia, and that it is quite possible that the conference will break up this week without anything having been gained, especially as General Linievitch is making the most vigorous preparations for continuing the struggle. But such rumours need not be taken too seriously. The negotiations are being conducted in private, and no doubt the ordinary methods of diplomacy are being brought into operation; so that proposals will be made and modified to a very considerable extent before a decision is arrived at. We are reluctant to believe that after the two parties have agreed to meet they will part without settling the terms of peace.

Many of the statements in the Blue Book just issued to show the progress of the United Kingdom during the last fifteen years must cause thoughtful citizens to reflect deeply on the course the nation is taking. Fifteen years is a very short period in the history of an empire, yet our expenditure has risen from £103,000,000 to £150,000,000 in that time. This is giving hostages to fortune with a vengeance! It is all very well so long as we are prosperous; but if trade, instead of receiving the temporary set-back which is experienced every now and then, should fall into a condition of real and prolonged depression, the burden of providing this immense sum would become almost unbearable. In the same period property and income tax has increased from £13,000,000 to £31,000,000, and the growth creates some mental doubt. Is it a real increase, or due only to more drastic methods of collection? It seems to us that the Revenue authorities become more suspicious annually, and that what might appear to be an increase in income is really only an increase in knowledge. In the Blue Book the total on which income-tax is paid is said to have risen in fifteen years from £537,000,000 to £615,000,000. The Revenue authorities calculate the gross income of the whole of Great Britain for that time as being over £900,000,000. The figures are so large that their magnitude is in itself an obstacle to a due appreciation of their meaning. No doubt considerable progress in one way and another has been made during the fifteen years, but we are afraid its measurement by figures is to some extent fallacious.

Another subject dealt with in the same report is calculated to give rise to even more uneasiness, and this is the extraordinary indebtedness of local authorities, which is stated to have risen from £195,000,000 to £370,000,000. Along with that there has been an increase in local rates, which is giving rise to very great dissatisfaction in the rural districts. People remember a time when, outside the great towns, rates were so slight as to be almost negligible; but nowadays no one can escape them, and scarcely a day passes in which some scheme is not brought forward involving an enormous expenditure, which, in the long run, will have to come from the pockets of the citizens. The old cry of economy is one which a political party could take up with great effect at the moment, for extravagance seems to have permeated every department of public life.

In reference to this view of the question it is scarcely possible to avoid thinking of the very great expense that sooner or later will be involved in converting the roadway to modern uses. The motor-car is a great invention, and we do not believe that many people have any hostility to it in itself; but when it goes, even at a moderate pace, along some of the roads which we possess at the moment the result is anything but comfortable for the unfortunate people who are either in horse-carriages or on foot. Yet a remedy for this is to be found only in an entire reconstruction of our highways. They would have either to be paved or laid in some way analogous to a town street to yield the comfort which the ordinary passenger has a right to expect. The expenditure involved would, however, be so enormous that we hesitate to recommend it. Of course, it would be necessary to take roads out of local control altogether and deal with them Imperially.

It would be interesting to know the reason of the strange lettering on many of the finest trees in Kensington Gardens. The boles are marked in a way we are accustomed to see in the sheep-pen of the farmer, and perhaps their end is to be much the same; if so, the destruction to be wrought will be very great. Whatever the reason of this numbering, which is done by scraping the bark and either painting or whitewashing the numbers on, the effect is unpleasant and unintelligible. No doubt the authorities have a good reason for this innovation, but a plain metal label, with a number or name clearly stamped upon it, would have served the purpose much better. We wish the authorities would label the trees to enable "the man in the street" to know their names. In one instance this has been admirably done, a tulip tree having a quietly-coloured but clearly-cut label as follows: "Tulip tree, *Liriodendron tulipifera*. N. America. Introduced 1663." This is excellent, and really teaches one something; but "318" in letters 6in. in length has a most irritating effect, whilst scraping the bark to gain this end is a reprehensible practice.

This numbering has been carried out wholesale, but is especially conspicuous in the Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens. Our parks are very beautiful, and the sun-scored grassy ways are a pure delight in the heat of August; but this sense of repose is destroyed when a big white number plastered on a tree stump disturbs the eye at every yard. Name the trees, by all means, in the way suggested in the case of the *liriodendron*, and no one can complain. It is astonishing how ignorant the general public is of the commonest of British trees and shrubs, but if it were known they were clearly named, much of this ignorance would disappear.

Yet again we are impelled to draw attention to the destruction of valuable and beautiful timber occasioned by forest fires which have been kindled, in all probability, by a carelessly-thrown-aside match or by the imperfectly-extinguished fire of the tramp, the gipsy, or the picnicker. The woods that have most lately suffered are the beautiful Talbot Woods, near Bournemouth, the property of Lord Leven and Melville. It is hardly possible to reiterate too often the necessity for care on the part of the smoker to set an extinguishing foot on the match which, after serving the good purpose of lighting a cigarette, may otherwise have sufficient energy left to start a conflagration which may spread over half a county.

As the result of recent observations carried on in the Western States of America, the interesting suggestion has been put forward that the treeless condition of the prairies is not due to Nature, but has been mainly caused by forest fires originating among Indian tribes. It was a well-known practice of the Indians to fire the prairie in the autumn months, when there is a prevailing west wind, and it is believed that the fires thus started ate their way further and further each year into the forests, which once covered the area, till they were eventually consumed. The whole prairie region can be shown to be within the limit of an annual rainfall sufficient to maintain a forest vegetation, and the long tongues of prairie which penetrate into the forest areas on the west also suggest the same originating cause. But perhaps the most remarkable point is that, since the Indians have been brought under control, and prairie fires have gradually ceased with the settlement of the country, the forest has again begun to gain upon the prairie.

In spite of all that has been done to protect the island of Heligoland from erosion by the sea since it was ceded to Germany in 1890, it still continues to fall away, until the prospect of its having eventually to be abandoned by its inhabitants seems not absolutely unlikely. The last of four large breakwaters has just been completed by the German authorities, and the process of stopping up gaps in the rock with blocks of

masonry is to be begun afresh; but all these costly undertakings show no more promise of being permanently successful than they have been on our own Suffolk coasts. The island is already very densely populated, as it has 2,300 inhabitants (who are, by the way, not Germans, but Frisians) to one-fifth of a square mile of area. It has had a fairly eventful political history, having belonged in the course of eighty years to no less than three crowns, but its chief claim to celebrity comes from the magnificent series of observations of bird migration carried on upon the island by Herr Gätke. The astonishing number of the migrating birds which take Heligoland in their course is held to show that the island is the last relic of an old land-line through what are now North Sea waters.

The sixth annual report of the Thames Salmon Association contains some very interesting facts. As late as March 10th, a professional fisherman at Richmond caught and returned a samlet roin, long—a curious proof that the fish often remain for a long time in fresh water. Enquiry is being made in regard to the report that salmon have been caught near the mouth of the river, and the report says there is no doubt that a shoal of small grilse assemble there during the summer. The committee consider that these facts point to a strong probability that some of the parr released by them in the Thames have succeeded in reaching the sea. An account is given of the attempt to introduce huchen, the non-migratory salmon from the Danube, into the river; 20,000 ova were procured and arrived safely in this country, and the fry are at present doing very well. Considerable hopes are founded on this experiment, as the huchen is a fish good to eat and of a very sporting character. While small it rises freely at the fly, and after it reaches a good weight—and the average is said to be about 35lb.—it can be fished for with the spinning bait. If it were to become acclimatised, therefore, it would add greatly to the attractions of the Thames, and, of course, being non-migratory would not suffer from the pollution of the water.

On the whole, the trout which Lord Denbigh was mainly responsible for turning into the pond in Buckingham Palace Gardens seem to have done about as well as could be expected in water that is so nearly stagnant and so very shallow. The shallowness must be especially trying for trout of the rainbow kind, for they are by nature lovers of deep water. Probably it is because they have no depth of water to resort to, and are very much exposed to the sun's rays, that many of them have lost their eyesight. In spite of this, they seem to keep their spirits and their appetites.

Fuller and later accounts of the Norwegian salmon-fishing season have somewhat served to make amends for the unsatisfactory reports that we received at an earlier date. The poor catches at first reported were not at all in accord with the expectation raised by the ample snow on the mountains and the consequent ample water in the rivers. During the later fishing, at all events on some of the rivers, the salmon appear to have taken full advantage of the opportunities that the big water gave them, and have run well and given sport above the average.

As was generally anticipated, the shooting season opened with a brilliant Twelfth. The weather was most favourable, and it is a long time since we have had so many satisfactory reports from all the different districts in Great Britain. It is true that everywhere the prospects are not so rosy as might be expected from the accounts in the papers; from the North of Scotland, for instance, we hear that the grouse are somewhat "patchy." No doubt they have been affected to some extent by the character of the summer, which has thoroughly dried some of the hills, while it has left moisture in others. After a few days of shooting, however, it may be expected that the birds will return to their usual quarters. Generally speaking they are numerous and healthy, and the sport will be very welcome to those who have been spending many long and arduous months in town.

At the heart of most of us there lives an immortal child ready to listen with anxious attention to tales of hidden treasure, and if that treasure be only in the hold of a sunken Spanish galleon of the Armada there is nothing lacking of the elements of pure delight. All such elements are at hand in the story, of which echoes reach us occasionally, of the treasure galleon in Tobermory Bay and the efforts to recover the lost "pieces of eight." The element that distinguishes the present story sharply from the majority of stories of its kind is that some real treasure actually does seem to be rewarding the seekers. The information carried by the last echo is to the effect that a hand-wrought and ancient silver candlestick has been found, besides a few of the "pieces of eight" dear to the heart of all tellers of stories of the kind. It may be that these are but small recompense for all

the expense and trouble incurred, but they may be regarded as good earnest of a fuller harvest to be reaped later on, for as yet the searchers are but at the beginning of their enterprise.

Last week some manœuvres of the Essex Volunteers, having for their object the capture of Colchester, were witnessed by Lord Methuen, and one of the features was the performance of a brace of Major Richardson's collies trained to ambulance work. The dogs, with some small "first aid" appliances strapped to them conveniently, quartered their ground well and discovered many of the "wounded," and carried out the idea with which they are trained—that they shall quit those whose wounds are so slight that they are able to help themselves, and pass on to others whose need is more imperative. Bloodhounds have been similarly trained, but it is claimed, probably with justice, for the collies that they are superior because they use their eyes as well as their noses, and hunt more at large without following a particular trail. Lord Methuen watched the dogs' performances approvingly. It will be remembered that Major Richardson sold some of his trained dogs to the Russians early in the war. They are now, presumably, in use in Manchuria.

The death of Mr. Beasley, cheeriest of sportsmen and best of cross-country riders, comes very prematurely, but not altogether unexpectedly, for he had been in ill health for a long while. He won the Grand National no less than thrice, and was within a short head of winning it a fourth time; and has won the Auteuil hurdles and the Paris Steeplechase, besides innumerable other steeplechases and "point-to-points." In all Ireland, the land of fine cross-country riders, there was not a better than Mr. Beasley, who came of a family noted for their riding. He was a man of singularly few enemies and of very many friends, by one and all of whom his death will be genuinely mourned.

DAWN IN THE KALAHARI DESERT.

A jackal howled in the distance.
Then I heard a koorhen cry.
A curlew, out in the Desert,
Screamed—a sign that Dawn was nigh!
And, fringing the mountains eastward,
Came a tinge of faintest grey.
Once more the curlew warned me
Of the coming of the Day.
The grey on the mountains slowly
Merged into the palest red,
And the third cry of the curlew
Brought the Day. Lo! Night was dead.
HILTON VALENTINE CORBETT.

On the sunny afternoons when the slanting light shows the air to be filled with a positive haze of winged insects, it is an interesting sight in any garden to watch the methods and degrees of skill of the various fly-catching birds. For systematic procedure the spotted fly-catcher is easily first, as his name would imply; though it does not seem as if he secures as large a bag by his regular flights from the same gate-post or tennis-net as the swallows and martins do by their ceaseless energy upon the wing. The chiffchaffs and willow-wrens, both the shabby parents and the pretty sulphur-breasted young, dance into the air from the branches of the trees, rather like the fly-catcher, but with less of his professional calm. But the oddest member of all the fly-catching group in the garden is the common house-sparrow. As might be expected from his general bad habits he is no expert at the destruction of troublesome insects, and his efforts to catch some large heavy fly or moth are always entertaining and often most unsuccessful. When his prey finally escapes him, after several of his frantic dashes, his plainly non-plussed expression is really laughable.

Very great sympathy will be felt with those inhabitants of Hindhead who have protested against the proposal of the General Post Office to construct a line of telegraph poles at Hindhead by way of the Devil's Punch Bowl. The beautiful scenery amid which it is situated is not a matter of sentiment only, but an asset of great value to the inhabitants of Hindhead, and they are perfectly justified in resolving not to let it be unnecessarily defaced. Besides, it has been decided by Parliament that where a line of telegraph poles tends to disfigure a scene of natural beauty the Post Office should take some other route. We cannot doubt, therefore, that in the circumstances the protest that has been made will prove to be effective.

A lively correspondence has been going on for some time past in the pages of a contemporary concerning the use and the abuse of sport, and the results ought to be more salutary than generally come from writing to the newspapers. Here, in these

columns, we shall not be accused of lack of sympathy with all manly outdoor games and pastimes. They have been, at all events, the solace and recreation of the present writer, who would never think of saying one word against them; but on the other side of the question it is to be said that to be pre-eminent in a game is rather a poor ambition for a young man. The place of a game is to be subsidiary to one's important calling in life, and as long as it is

kept in that position, its effects cannot be anything but wholesome. When, however, it is made the chief object of existence, and the ordinary methods of earning a livelihood or doing work for the benefit of one's fellow-men are made less important than skill with bat and ball, athletics have grown to be something of a disease. We do not know that much more than this can be usefully said on the subject. It puts the essence of the whole controversy in a paragraph.

COUNTRY LIFE IN ITALY OF THE RENAISSANCE.

AS we look upon the pictures in the beautiful Riccardi Palace at Florence, we realise how fortunate it is for us that Benozzo Gozzoli was no archæological pedant, with conscientious scruples about the exact costume and surroundings of the Magi, but that he frankly painted the gay world of his own day.

In that gorgeous procession which we see winding down from afar, by rugged precipitous heights, past towered cities, through a land of sport and hunting, laid out here and there in

trim formal gardens, the artist has crowded together all the flamboyant life of the early Renaissance. This is not the peaceful hill-country of Judea through which the pilgrim kings and their trains follow the guiding star to Bethlehem, to worship before the manger throne of the new-born Christ; no, it is an epitome of fifteenth century Italy. That little town which we see perched on a ridge of a hill, and bristling with tall square towers, is one of those strongholds of a turbulent community ever at war with its neighbours, which filled the land in the

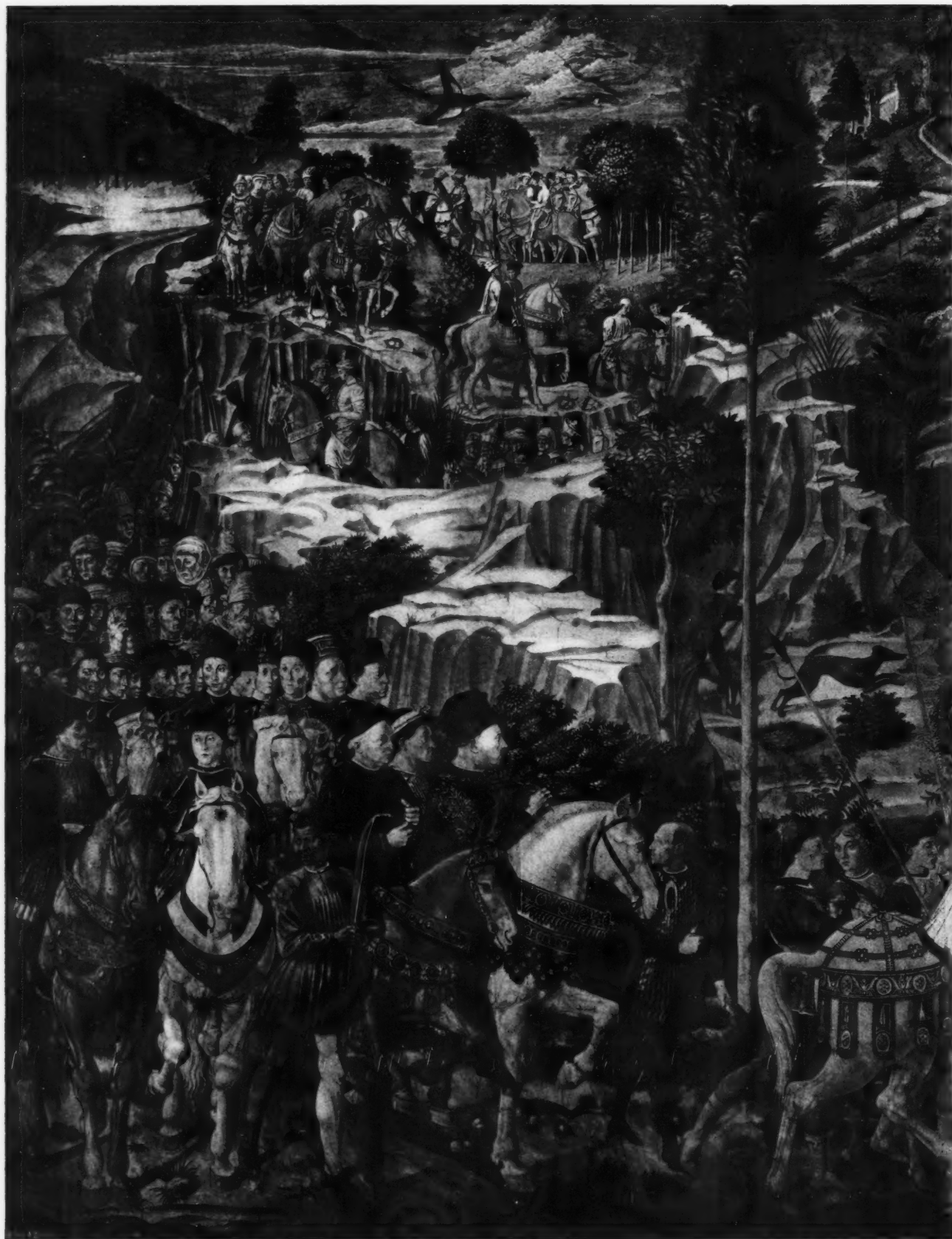


THE USE OF THE HUNTING LEOPARD.

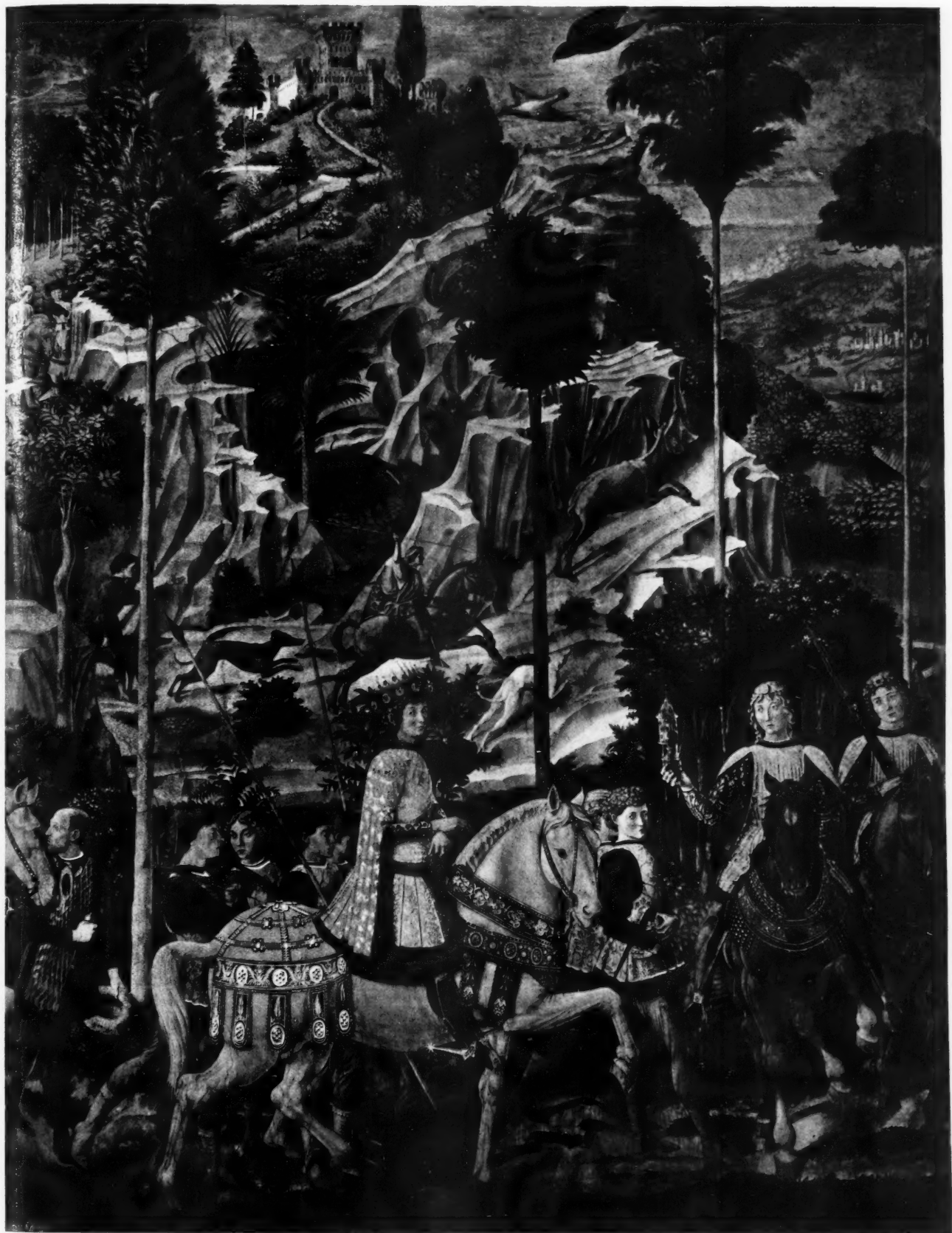
Middle Ages, and of which an unchanged survival may still be seen at San Gimignano.

The splendid figures in their gorgeous costumes, who ride with such stately grace the curvetting horses, and are followed by their train of servants, their hawks and hounds, are no Eastern potentates of a long-past age. They are the living, breathing men whom the artist watched with admiring eyes as they flaunted it in all the pomp and circumstance of pageantry at Giostra or tournament, or galloped down the narrow streets of Florence with a clatter of horses' hoofs, at the grim cry of "Accor' uomo!" Lorenzo dei Medici was a liberal patron of Benozzo Gozzoli (1420 to 1498), and he rises here before us, on

the walls of his palace, the Magnificent indeed. He rides a great white horse, and is clothed in sumptuous array. In some such fashion as this must he have appeared at the splendid tournament which was given in honour of his approaching marriage to Clarice degli Orsini, when we learn that he wore a surcoat of velvet fringed with gold, and embroidered with golden lilies upon a blue ground, while his helmet was crowned with waving plumes. His horse trappings were of white and red velvet worked with pearls. He was proclaimed victor on this occasion, and thus alludes to it in his diary: "That I might do as others, and follow the custom, on the Piazza Santa Croce I gave a tournament at great cost and much



FOLLOWERS OF THE MEDICI.



HOUNDS OF ST. HUBERT'S BREED.

magnificence; about ten thousand ducats were spent upon it. I was not a very mighty warrior, nor a strong striker, yet to me was assigned the first prize, a helmet inlaid with silver, having a figure of Mars on the crest."

Tournaments appear to have celebrated all important events of Court life; but these would be held rather in the city than in the country, where hunting was, of all others, the most popular sport. Lorenzo dei Medici would have had ample opportunities for enjoying it, more especially at his Villa of Careggi, built not far from Florence, in the most lovely situation, for his father Cosimo; and still more so at his princely country home of Cafaggiolo, out beyond Fiesole, in the wild district of the

Mugello. In the midst of his busy life and the serious cares of ruling the turbulent inhabitants of Florence, he yet found time for his favourite sport. When he went on a diplomatic embassy to Naples we hear of his hunting every day with King Ferrante in the rough sandy scrub, which extended far beyond the foundations of the ancient Cumae.

On the occasion of the visit which he received in March, 1471, from the Duke of Milan, Galeazzo Sforza, and his wife the Duchess Bona, we are told that their suite consisted of 100 men-at-arms and 500 infantry, with fifty running footmen; while they also brought in their train 500 couple of dogs and a vast number of falcons and hawks. There must have been a great deal of

hunting on this occasion to justify such immense preparations. We have more detailed accounts of sport and its delights a few years later, in a letter written by Isabella Marchesa of Mantua, when she was on a visit to her sister, the Duchess of Milan, who was a keen sportswoman: "Yesterday the whole court took part in a hunting party, some four miles from Pavia, and had splendid sport. . . . Eight stags were found, and one was killed by a long spear before my eyes. . . ." Another day she writes that they went out hunting in a beautiful valley near the Ticino, and here all the stags were driven and closed in on every side by the hunters, so that they were forced to climb the hills or swim the river. "The dogs chased them into the water, but two ran up the hill far out of sight, so that we did not see them killed. . . . Many wild boars and goats were found, but only one boar was killed before our eyes, and one wild goat

the water. Then we mounted our horses again, and began to let fly some of those good falcons of mine . . . along the river-side, and they killed several birds."

As if this were not enough in the way of a day's sport, Messer Galeazzo goes on to say that they rode afterwards to hunt stags and fawns, and gave chase to twenty-two, killing four!

But, perhaps, the most picturesque hunting scenes of the Renaissance days would be those in which Caterina Cornaro, the young queen of Cyprus, took part in that enchanted island during her brief days of happy wedded life. We can picture her riding forth in gallant array with a gay company from that Castle of St. Hilarius which once received Richard Cœur-de-Lion. On the rugged mountain height and in the great forests beyond, the King of Cyprus and his young bride went hunting the wild

boar until that hapless day when Giacomo met his death in the chase, near Famagusta, slain like his forerunner Adonis.

Another great huntress of Renaissance days was Caterina Sforza, who, with her husband Riario, hunted in the Campagna of Rome, then famous for its fleet deer and ferocious boars. A very interesting letter of hers is preserved which she wrote to the Duchess Leonora of Ferrara, asking for a present of some dogs from her noted kennels. After a little flattery, she says: "I know that the most illustrious lord, your spouse, and your most illustrious ladyship adore hunting and birds. . . ." Then she ventures to ask for "a pair of greyhounds, well trained and fleet-footed, for the deer of the Campagna, which are very swift; a couple of good deerhounds, and a couple of handsome pointers, so good that I may hope to say when they catch their quarry, 'these are the dogs the illustrious Duchess of Ferrara gave me.' I know that your Excellency will not send me anything but what is really good."

The dogs represented in the pictures of Benozzo Gozzoli would make an extremely interesting study in themselves. The white dogs of St. Hubert were the most famous in early times, especially in Italy. There were also black ones, as we see, of middle size; they were long in shape, and not so fast as the white dogs, but more trustworthy. There was a third race of grey, originally brought back from Tartary by St. Louis, but these were not so swift as the black, and had bigger ears. The wire-haired Irish greyhound was of great value, especially for coursing the red deer or the fallow deer. Canis gallicus, from Gaul, was a greyhound much valued. We remember the story of that white greyhound which Aucassin lost, "the loveliest thing alive."

In these hunting scenes of the Riccardi Palace, quaint birds and beasts and reptiles crowd the landscape, pheasants go floundering by, hares start up from the grass, and everywhere there is a whirring and wheeling of falcons in pursuit of their quarry. The Norwegian or Irish gersfalcons were most esteemed, and we learn that a Royal falconer would receive three times as much as a court physician—a proof of the high value which was set upon his services. Falconry was the sport of kings, and a great noble never went abroad without a hawk on his wrist; indeed, in ancient seals this is the sign of nobility. We find the rent of a certain farm valued at three hawks and three gersfalcons. It was felony to steal a falcon, and the penalty for stealing a hawk's eggs was imprisonment for a year and a day.

Then, as now, the hare was driven into nets placed in her runs, or else hunted down in the open. As we see in one of the



LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.

which fell to my share. Last of all came a wolf, which made fine jumps as it ran past us and amused the whole company; but none of its arts availed the poor beast, which soon followed its comrades to the slaughter."

In a letter from the Duchess Beatrice we are told: "Every day we go out riding with the dogs and falcons, and my husband and I never come home without having enjoyed ourselves in hunting herons and other water-fowl. . . . game is so plentiful here that hares are to be seen jumping out of every corner. . . ." Another member of the Duke of Milan's court writes: "Having reached Cussago, we had a grand fishing expedition in the river, and caught an immense quantity of large pike, trout, lampreys, crabs, and other fish. . . . at another place we caught more than 1,000 large trout, and after choosing out the best for presents and our own throats, we had the rest thrown back into

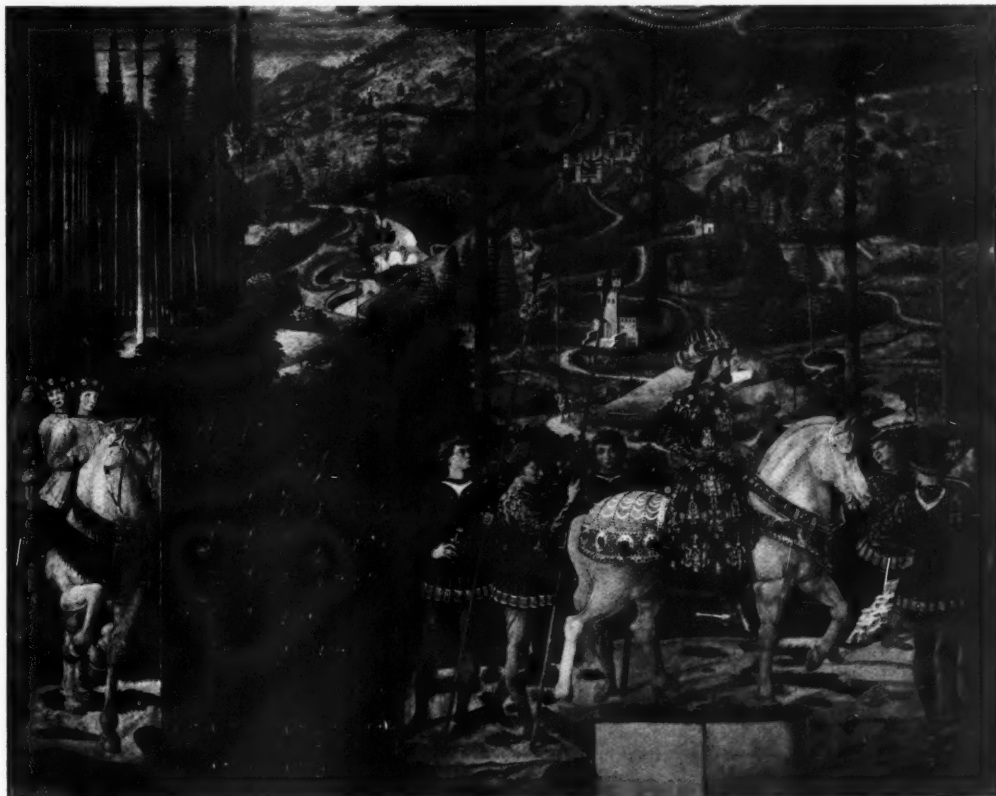


THE JOURNEY OF THE MAGI IN AN ITALIAN SETTING.

illustrations, large game was speared by a mounted horseman. But we find the most interesting detail in the first picture, where in the foreground are two specimens of the cheetah or hunting leopard, while towards the left, in the middle distance, a third is in the act of springing upon his prey. These animals are still used for hunting in the East, and no doubt Lorenzo dei Medici had obtained these through his commercial relations with distant lands. They have evidently been carried on horseback to the field carefully chained. One is seen still sitting close behind a mounted horseman, while another is on the point of being unloosed by his attendant, who has one foot on the ground.

The cheetah (*Felis jubata*) has retractile claws, and is not in any way allied to the dog family, "but is in nature, form, and feature a veritable cat." Yet, at the same time, he has much of the intelligence, teachableness, and fidelity of the dog. He is of a bright yellowish fawn above, nearly pure white beneath, and covered with black spots above and on the sides. He is chiefly used in pursuit of antelopes. When the hunters come in sight of a herd, the leopard is unchained and the game pointed out to him. He steals along cautiously till within killing distance, then makes a sudden spring upon his quarry, strangles it, and drinks its blood.

The introduction of these strange beasts gives a curious air of reality to the picture, for we know how Lorenzo delighted in exotic creatures and plants of all kinds. CHRISTOPHER HARE.



BY A HILL CITY.

THE DIRGE OF 'CLAN SIUBHAIL.'

(The Wandering Folk.)

Sorrow upon me on the grass and on the wandering road:
My heart is heavy in the morn and heavier still at night.
Sometimes I rest in a quiet place and lay me down my heavy load,
And watch in the dewy valley the coming of light after light,
Watch on the dusky hill and the darkening plain the coming of light after light.

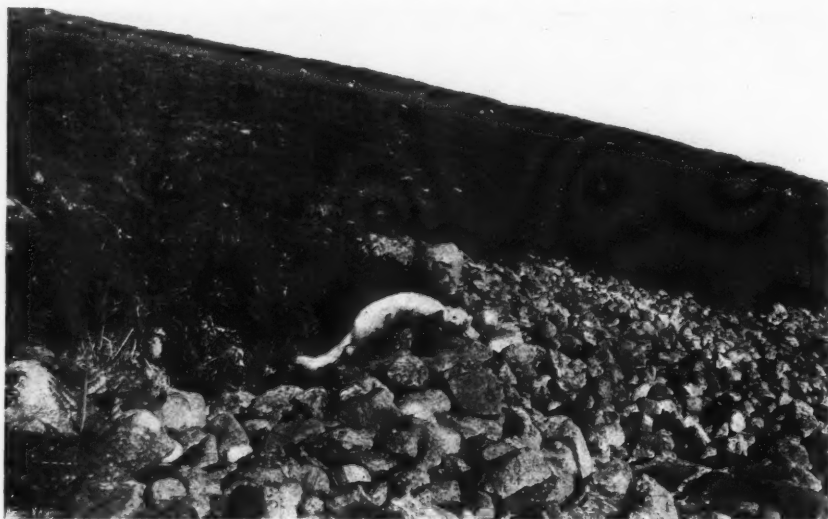
At dawn I am stirring again, and weary of the night:
And all the morn and all the noon I lift my heavy load:
At fall of day I see once more the coming of light after light:
And night is as day and day is as night on the endless road—
Sorrow upon me on the grass and on the wandering road.

FIONA MACLEOD.

FOUR-FOOTED FREEBOOTERS.

THE gradual disappearance of the larger species of carnivorous quadrupeds in the British Islands has at times evoked much adverse criticism against those responsible for their destruction; but it can hardly be expected that game preservers and keepers in general should view matters from precisely the same point of view as the naturalist. It is, however, one thing to keep vermin within reasonable limits, and another to exterminate a rare species for the sake of a few extra head of game. The survival of any carnivorous animal is dependent upon three causes—the natural, innate cunning of the species; the sport which it provides, and the consequent protection extended to it by man; and last, but not least, the habits and haunts of the creature itself. Thus, the fox, the otter, and the badger are, in different parts of the kingdom, openly or tacitly preserved, while elsewhere they are persecuted, as the saying goes, with the utmost rigour of the law. Unfortunately, it is a fact that the rarer a species becomes, the higher is the value set on such as survive, and the greater is the inducement to encompass their destruction. I propose to set down briefly in the course of this article a few facts, drawn from personal experience, which may assist in apportioning blame where blame is due, and to approach the subject from the point of view of the sportsman-naturalist, who, while endeavouring to preserve a good head of game, would not willingly exterminate any interesting form of animal life.

Among British carnivora it is only natural that the fox should take a foremost place; but in considering the habits of the red



MARTEN CAT ON THE PROWL.

marauder it is hardly fair to judge of him in the somewhat artificial environments of the shires. Here, as in all parts of the kingdom where hunting is possible, the fox has partially lost his fear of man, prowls round man's dwellings at night, and even finds abundance of tit-bits placed by human agency in close proximity to his earth. To view him at his best we must see him in his natural haunts, in an outlying plantation on the edge of the moorland, or in his wild rocky home in the cairns of some desolate corrie among the mountains. Hunting men habitually consider the fox as a wood-dweller, and it is therefore somewhat

of a surprise to them when they get a glimpse of his stern vanishing round some hillock, roused from his heather-bed by the strange apparition of dogs and men in August and September. The hill-fox of the Highlands is of sterner mettle than his low-ground relative. For generations he has imbibed cunning with his mother's milk, has prowled round numberless traps, and has eluded the guns in many a drive got up for his destruction during the lambing season. It is worth noting that these hill-foxes always make for the hill on breaking from fir woods which are being driven perchance for roe or black game. The moors are their home, though a storm may drive them to shelter for the night. Consequently few but hillmen see much of the fox in the Highlands, and the keeper rears his birds on the low ground without fear of a nocturnal visit from Reynard. Sometimes a maimed or wounded "varmint" ventures rather lower than the rest of his tribe, but his career usually comes to an untimely end as he grows bolder from success. There is little fear of the hill-fox



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

STALKING.

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becoming extinct. On the contrary, they would seem to be increasing in numbers, probably owing to the protection which they, and other furred and feathered marauders, receive in the deer-forests, where the crow of the cock grouse spoils so many a laborious stalk.

The vixen takes up her abode in some rocky cairn in the spring-time, or in some deep, dry moss-den, in the intricate windings of which many a good terrier has been lost for ever. There is always a decided risk in working these cairns and dens, for in the former a dog may get hopelessly fixed, and the latter are full of dark water-holes, where assistance is almost invariably given too late. Yet from time to time throughout the spring and summer all such strongholds must be systematically traversed by the keeper, for the vixen shifts her cubs from place to place, and deserts a den if she detects the faintest trace of scent of passing dog or man. In one respect keepers and shepherds are at one. The dog fox must provide food for himself, his mate, and her cubs. Lambs and grouse, hares, black game, and ptarmigan—toll is levied of them all; but the marvellous instinct of the fox leads him to hunt at a distance from a den, perhaps five or six miles away, while the grouse may hatch and rear her brood near by with impunity.

There are several methods of trapping the hill-fox, and as these are mostly applicable to all the mountain species of vermin it may not be out of place to describe them briefly. In the opinion of the writer the pier system is the most effective, and can also claim the advantage of being the most humane. A suitable pond is chosen, preferably near a ridge; in this a pier of turf is made, at the end of which the bait, a sheep's paunch or a mountain hare, is placed. The trap is located on the pier so that the fox cannot reach the bait without springing it. The pier is so narrow that the trapped animal loses his balance, being quickly drowned by the weight of the trap. This system, however, can only be employed during open weather, and when winter sets in other methods are adopted. Now the springs are utilised, the green moss being carefully drawn aside so as to form a pond, in the centre of which the bait is placed, the trap being located in the nearest point of moss, which is purposely left. The spring water never freezes, and the trap remains open in the severest weather, provided always that it is not covered by a snowdrift. Some keepers trap foxes in the dry by hiding the bait in a juniper bush and leaving only one opening through which ingress can be made, the trap being placed therein. If the latter is lightly covered with the dry pins of the juniper the method will be effective except during very hard frost. Another method is to use the carcase of a sheep or the entrails of a stag, the bait being covered with moss and earth, while traps are set around. The fox, however, often springs the trap by rolling on the carcase, and hence arose the idea, so prevalent in the Highlands, that the cunning of the beast leads him to do this on purpose to spring



STOAT IN WINTER COAT AT BAY.

the gins, whereas it is merely the same tendency which we see in our canine friends, to the detriment of their coats. Of these systems only the first can be safely used while sheep are on the hill, but after the final gathering the others come into operation.

The wild cat is now extinct in most parts of the Highlands, a few pairs surviving in the forests of Inverness-shire and Ross-shire. The same fate has overtaken the marten and the polecat, though both species were common some fifty years ago. All three are, however, easily trapped, and it is through this want of caution that they have been almost exterminated. Young wild cats can be reared in captivity, and the writer knows of

several pairs in the hands of keepers and naturalists at the present time. It is not generally known that the wild cat kills lambs in addition to its usual bill of fare, but I had the opportunity of inspecting the victims of one which made its escape from captivity in Badenoch this spring. The kills were undoubtedly those of a cat; when the truant was recaptured no more damage was done. polecats still survive in parts of Wales, but in the course of a few years it is doubtful whether any will survive. All three species are extremely destructive to game, killing for the mere lust of slaughter, and not merely to gratify their appetites. They could hardly be preserved, even if such a



C. Reid.

POLECAT.

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course were desirable, for they will go freely into traps set for other kinds of vermin.

Of stoats and weasels little need be said; they are both so plentiful, and increase so rapidly, if unmolested, that it is all keepers can do to keep them within reasonable bounds. Traps set beside hedgerows, walls, ditches, and in drains will generally prove effective, as such usually form their strongholds. Let the keeper beware if old dykes are in the neighbourhood of his rearing-field. I recently saw such a place into which a female stoat had carried about twenty young pheasants to form a store for her expected litter, for she was heavy in young when shot. Weasels are capable of doing great harm in a rearing-field, as they use the mole-runs, and if the grass is long they can do considerable damage without being immediately detected. It is

only at this period of the year that weasels are destructive to winged game, confining their attention to rabbits and mice at other seasons. They are also inveterate enemies of rats, and as such do many a good turn to the preserver without his becoming aware of the fact. I have seen a rat tackled and killed by a weasel smaller than itself in a very short space of time, and that weasel was allowed to escape unhurt. On the moors stoats are very destructive to young grouse, but weasels find mice so plentiful in the heather that they have little temptation to follow winged game. Stoat traps should therefore be set all the year round among the likely rocks and cairns inhabited by this species, while the ruins which mark the site of some crofter's dwelling in days gone by are generally tenanted by these murderous little rascals. In the mountainous districts stoats turn white in winter, and it should be remembered that their skins are then of value in the market. That hedgehogs will suck eggs upon occasion has often been proved, but that they habitually take young game, as some have suggested, I am extremely doubtful. I have known cases where a weakly chick was thus taken by a hedgehog, but the hedgehog only ventures out at night, and would certainly not molest a hen pheasant with her brood safely tucked under her wings. Rats, however, deserve no good word. Fish, flesh, or fowl, each is equally readily devoured by these destructive pests—scavengers by nature and necessity. The old rat which takes up its abode in some hedgerow, and there rears its young, is ten times worse than any weasel, destroying eggs and young birds with equal impartiality. Two of the larger predatory species have yet to be mentioned—the otter and the badger. I have reserved them to the end of the list because they are, perhaps, the most interesting of all, and because the harm which they do to winged game is so slight as

to be hardly appreciable. I would put forward a plea for both, the former because the sport of otter-hunting is second to none, the latter because his diet consists mainly of rabbits which can well be spared. The otter is a picture of the best type of animal life, combining the sinuous grace of the weasel with the lithe activity of the cat. A fish diet satisfies his needs, and our rivers must indeed be in an appalling state if we grudge an occasional trout to this river-side free-booter. Scarcity of otters is the only reason for the scarcity of otter-hounds, and if otters were more plentiful we should have packs established all over the United Kingdom. The value of the skin of the otter is, unfortunately, consider-

able, and leads many keepers to trap them when otherwise they would be left undisturbed. They have been exterminated in many districts, but would soon reappear if allowed to breed in security. To support my plea for the badger I may quote the following instance: Some years ago, a certain proprietor, regretting the total disappearance of badgers in his neighbourhood, turned down a few pairs, which did remarkably well, and their progeny became comparatively numerous. Since then the coverts have been heavily stocked with pheasants, but not a single bird has ever been reported to have been killed by a badger. Rabbits are numerous, and the badgers evidently live on them almost exclusively. H. B. MACPHERSON.

BIRDS OF THE JHIL.

THE word jhil is one with which the Anglo-Indian sportsman would find it difficult to dispense, for it is a comprehensive term used to designate a lake, broad, marsh, swamp, or, indeed, any natural depression permanently or periodically filled with water. To the mere sportsman jhils are devoid of interest at this time of year, because the duck, geese, and snipe which afforded such excellent

closely with the slimy edge of the jhil. Flight, however, transforms him. His wings are as white as snow. When at rest, these are completely hidden by the sombre-tinted coverts; but when disturbed, the bird, as Mr. Aitken well says, "suddenly produces a pair of snowy wings from its pockets and flaps away."

Another heron found in all the bigger jhils is the night heron (*Nycticorax griseus*). This creature, like the heroine in "The Diary of a Bad Girl," is heard rather than seen. As its name implies, it is a bird of the night. During the hours of sunshine it roosts in colonies, usually in trees on an island in a lake. As the long Indian day draws to a close, the night herons wake up and fly, crying "Waak, waak," to the water's edge, where they give the fish and frogs a bad time. The night heron is a cowardly, uninteresting creature. Most birds will fight bravely in defence of their young; some go so far as to attack man. Night herons do nothing so quixotic. Last August I visited a heronry near Madras. As our boat approached all the parent birds flew away to the next island, and stayed there so long as



PADDY BIRD.

sport in the cold weather are now far away in Northern Asia; but to the naturalist a jhil is a perpetual source of pleasure. At all seasons of the year it is the hunting-ground of large numbers of birds. Of these the little pond heron, or paddy bird (*Ardeola grayi*), is the commonest. This bird is the most solemn and sluggish of all the heron tribe, and that is saying much. Herons have brought to perfection the art of loafing, and the paddy bird is the most finished loafer of them all. Most herons stalk their prey: the paddy bird does nothing so energetic—he stands still and waits for his victims to come to him. This, of course, requires patience, but patience is a virtue of which the pond heron possesses an inexhaustible stock. He will stand for hours together perfectly motionless, ankle-deep in water. Sooner or later a frog passes by, and is promptly swallowed.

The paddy bird is not afflicted with shyness. He is far too lazy to be disturbed by the approach of human beings. So confiding is he that the natives of India call him the blind heron. I once saw one of these birds standing motionless at the water's edge, within roft. of a grunting, perspiring washerman, who was dashing some clothes to pieces against a stone in a dirty duck-pond—that is the way washing is done in India. Neither individual took the least notice of the other. The most ardent admirer of the paddy bird could not call him beautiful. His plumage is of a dirty greenish brown hue, which assimilates very



NIGHT HERON.

we remained on the island where their nests were. A heronry is, to put it mildly, not a savoury place. On the island in question nearly every available building site was occupied. The nest is a roughly put together platform of sticks, and does not strike one as being at all a safe nursery. Baby herons are, if possible, uglier than the ordinary run of nestlings, their appearance being rendered most grotesque by patches of long hair-like



THE NIGHT HERON.

feathers studded over the body. I took down one young bird in order to have a good look at him. While handling him a whole frog, fully 2in. in length, dropped out of him, and, judging from the distension of his "corporation," there must have been several more inside him! I tried to return the frog to him, and most amusing were the attempts he made to swallow it; but I lacked the skill of his parents, and in the end was obliged to cut up the frog and force it piecemeal into his gullet. The accompanying photographs depict a night heron in adult plumage; before reaching this several intermediate stages are passed through. These are well illustrated by stuffed specimens in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

Another heron familiar to every Anglo-Indian is the cattle egret (*Bubulcus coromandus*). This is the most energetic and the least aquatic of its tribe. Although frequently found in shallow water, it prefers to strut about sedately upon dry land. It is a small bird clothed in beautiful white plumage. Its long legs are black. For some reason, doubtless known to itself, it feeds chiefly upon insects; grasshoppers for preference. Now a grasshopper requires more catching than a frog, and, when caught, does not furnish so substantial a meal, so that the cattle egret must of necessity be energetic. But, true to the habits of its family, it does no more work than necessary. Two or more of these birds frequently attach themselves to some cow, as in the illustration, for the sake of the insects disturbed by its feet. The sociable habits of



CATTLE EGRETS.

this egret are accounted for by the fact that it subsists upon small game; those herons which hunt big game, as for example frogs, which require careful stalking, are of necessity condemned to a solitary existence. Not so the cattle egret.

The kingfishers are, perhaps, the most attractive of the jhil-frequenting birds. Their activity presents a pleasing contrast to the sluggishness of the herons. Every sheet of water in India is patronised by at least three species. One of these is the common kingfisher (*Alcedo ispida*), with which we are familiar in England. The Indian variety, however, is much smaller, and used to be considered a separate species and called *Alcedo bengalensis*. Its habits are too well known to need description. It squats upon a rock, stone, branch, or other point of vantage, keeping a sharp look-out for fish. The shortness of its neck, and the curious spasmodic manner in which it raises and lowers its head, give it the air of a little shrivelled-up old man. But it becomes sprightly enough when it espies its quarry. Its oblique dive into the water, its reappearance with a fish, and the manner in which this is disposed of, are masterpieces of action.



COMMON KINGFISHER.

Great although the fishing exploits of *Alcedo ispida* be, they are entirely eclipsed by those of the Indian pied kingfisher

(*Ceryle varia*). This bird disdains a perch when seeking for its prey. It hovers, kestrel-like, upon rapidly-vibrating wings high above the surface of the water. Suddenly it drops like a stone, and completely disappears for an instant, to emerge with a shining fish. It hunts thus throughout the day, taking very little rest. It is less gorgeously arrayed than most of its relatives, being soberly clad in black and white like a Hamburg fowl, but as a fisherman it is without peer. Its



PIED KINGFISHER.

operations are not confined to the borders of the jhil—it hunts over the whole surface.

The white-breasted kingfisher (*Halcyon smyrnensis*) is a most gorgeous bird. Its great beak is bright coral red, its head is rich chocolate brown, its breast is white, and its wings and tail are brilliant blue. As it flies its pinions display a white bar. It is a very noisy bird, being in this respect a formidable rival of its Australian cousin, the laughing jackass. Showy though its plumage be, it is a poor fisher, confining itself to such sluggish quarry as frogs, crabs, and insects. It is, therefore, quite well able to live away from water. It is, in fact, to be found in almost any shady garden, where it subsists upon insects which it picks from off the ground. It has so far departed from the habits of its tribe as to sometimes nest in a well. It is, in short, a kingfisher which is trying to turn itself into a roller. It is undergoing evolution before our very eyes, and, in time to come, will be a kingfisher only in name and structure, and will then have no right to a place among the birds of the jhil.

D. DEWAR.

MIGRATION OF CRABS.

IT has long been known that crabs migrate in the autumn every year into the deeper off-shore waters, and return in the spring to the nearer neighbourhood of the rocks. The summer fishing for crabs takes place near the shore, and in the winter the crab pots or creels are placed at a distance of some miles out. But the recent attempts to determine experimentally the migrations made on the Northumberland coast indicate that another migration, a northward migration of females, occurs during the general outward winter movement into the off-shore waters.

As on a previous occasion, presently to be referred to, advantage was taken in making the experiment of the large number of casters—crabs in the process of becoming hard after a recent shedding of the cuticle—which are caught in the autumn, and which cannot be marketed. A numbered brass label was attached by a piece of copper wire to one of the large claws, and the crab liberated in each case on the beach.

On October 15th, last year, Mr. Douglas, a Beadnell fisherman, marked and liberated at Beadnell 100 crabs. Five of these were recaptured and returned, viz., three males, in December, March, and April, to the north-east of Beadnell, and two females. One of the latter was caught about February 21st off Cockburnspath, and the other, on May 9th, in seven to eight fathoms, at Innerwick, both places near Dunbar. It is more than probable that others were recaptured, for in both the cases just mentioned the labelled

crabs were not observed by the fishermen, and were returned to me, one from Sheffield and the other from Berwick, that is to say, after they had been sent to market. Again on October 22nd, last year, 96 crabs were similarly marked and liberated at Beadnell. Nine of these have been accounted for—seven males and two females. The males were caught in November, in January, and in April to the north-east of Beadnell, and the females were captured, the first, on February 3rd, one mile off St. Abbs, and the second, on February 8th, one and a-half miles off Burnmouth, which is several miles north of Berwick. About the same time nearly 100 crabs were labelled and set free at Newbiggin, Northumberland, but not one of these has been returned. All the females which have been recovered have therefore migrated many miles to the north, from Northumberland to the neighbouring coast of Scotland.

The results confirm those obtained by the experiment made in 1902. On that occasion 145 crabs were labelled and set free at Beadnell between October 11th, 1902, and January 23rd, 1903. Of the 38 marked on October 11th, none so far as we know were recaptured; but of 26 liberated on October 25th, three were recovered, viz., a male on November 17th, 1902, to the east of Beadnell, and two females, the first on March 28th, 1903, in Goswick Bay, to the north of Holy Island, and the second on July 6th, 1903, so far north as Portlethen on the Kincardineshire coast of Scotland, and only about seven miles south of Aberdeen. The specimens liberated during the winter included females, three of which were recovered in the sea off Beadnell. They were caught originally some three or four miles from the shore, and liberated after being labelled on the beach. It is probable, in the light of the results of the later experiments, that they had migrated into the Beadnell district from the south before they were caught for the first time and labelled. It is important, in fact, as I wrote in 1903 in describing this experiment, to have the marking done as early as possible after casting, so as to be sure that the experiment commences not during but at the beginning of the winter migration. This claim has been amply justified, for in every case when the crabs have been liberated in September or October, the males have been subsequently recaptured in the immediate neighbourhood, and the females in districts many miles north of the place of liberation. The Dunbar experiments warn us, however, against concluding that such a migration is general, and that what is evidently true of the northern part of Northumberland applies to all parts of the coast.

During the years 1897-99, a large number of crabs were labelled and set free at Dunbar, at the instance of the Scottish Fishery Board, in connection with a research conducted by Dr. Williamson. The recaptured crabs were obtained for the most part locally, but in one case, the only one which showed a conspicuous migration, a female crab, set free on September 25th, 1899, was caught on April 26th, 1900, at Kingsburns, in St. Andrews Bay. This one example tends to confirm the results of the Northumberland experiments, but it cannot be said to prove that in the Dunbar region the females always proceed to the north after casting.

The Northumberland experiments, however, are sufficient to prove that a certain and considerable proportion, if not all, of the females which cast their shells in autumn on the Northumberland coast, pass with the general adult population to the deeper water, and that when there they make their way gradually in a northward direction, and return to the shore with the crab population of a higher latitude. It is worth recalling, moreover, that they would receive a supply of sperms before the commencement of the migration. These females would usually come into spawn or "berry" during the succeeding winter migration, and more than probably at this period would not migrate further northwards. The embryos would be hatched in the following summer. The well-known general tendency of the currents would, however, carry the free swimming first stages of development to the south. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to conclude that the general migration of the females which are to come into spawn to the north is correlated with the effects of the currents upon the distribution of the fry. If this be true, and it must be noted that no case of a southward migration has yet been recorded, it is very possible that other forms, which have a similar life-history—for example the lobster—migrate to the north during some phase of adult life.

ALEXANDER MEEK.



WHITE-BREASTED KINGFISHER.

COTTAGE HOMES.

HAPPILY for "Happy England," as Mrs. Allingham charmingly calls it in her charming book, cottages of the olden type still exist, and exist in numbers, though in numbers that never grow less as the old whole or half-timbered walls and thatched roofs are replaced by bricks and slates. It is a change that, perhaps, makes for the greater comfort of the people; certainly it makes for the less beauty of the country. Utility, however, is, no doubt, the first consideration in a house that has to be lived in; yet even utility has to be understood in the sense of the comfort

of those who live in the house, and it is very singular that the cottage folk often like better (so we may presume that they find more comfortable) those old tumble-down cottages with the timbered walls and the thatched roofs than the spick and span and hideous, and, to our way of thinking, much more convenient, new houses that the modern builder puts up for them in accord

with all the requirements, so often fantastic, of the modern building bye-laws. Possibly this is a statement that is true in the main more of the older folk who have grown weather-beaten and aged, together with the timbers of the house, so that a kind of mysterious sympathy seems to be established between them as together they go down the hill of senile decay. The younger members of the families, with their Board School ideas, have more appreciation of the superior convenience of the newer houses and less sentimental attachment (although even the old people's

sentiment is quite unconscious) to the rafters of the crumbling cottage. A point in the inconvenience of the old cottages that strikes a visitor very strongly is the lowness of the ceilings in the downstairs rooms and of the bare roofs in the bedrooms. After ascent, difficult and sometimes to unaccustomed feet almost dangerous, of the narrow and uneven stairway, which gives, as a



A. W. W. Bartlett.

FAR FROM A MAIN ROAD.

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W. Rawlings.

BROADHURST.

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rule, right into the kitchen that is the living room of the whole family, one finds one's self in an apartment so lowly overhead that there is risk at every moment of dashing out one's brains against a rafter. It is always matter of legitimate speculation to what extent the chronic bend of the back which so many of the aged of the labouring class, both men and women, acquire is really due to the rheumatism to which it is commonly credited, and how much to the influence, continued through all the years of their life, of assuming the bent attitude which is absolutely necessary if they are to move about the rooms without bumping the head. A great many people, not of the cottager class, have an affection for low-ceilinged rooms. They feel a sense of rest in them that they do not find in the more lofty apartments. There is, however, in all things a measure, and certainly these cottage rooms of which we speak do seem to err just a little on the side of too low a ceiling and roofing. But those who live in them flourish, and are healthy and bring up families, as healthy as themselves, just as successfully as those who live in far superior hygienic



H. Barstow.

GROWN OLD TOGETHER.

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conditions. To be sure, their lives are simple, they feed plainly, and their toil is sufficient to keep them in health. The life is an open air one, even if the air that they breathe in their confined cottage rooms is close and hot. This it is, beyond question; the windows are very small, and the cottage folk have a great dislike to opening them. As an old French lady said to the writer, who ventured to expostulate with her on the stuffiness of her apartment, "Je n'aime pas le grand air"; so, too, it is with the majority of the cottage folk. In their bedrooms, at all events, "ils n'aiment pas le grand air." If the roofs are low, the windows are low also, and often the eaves of thatch come down so far that the windows, which work on a hinge, cannot be opened wide. This is a manner that we have seen imitated in some of the artistic windows of the most artistic of modern architects. There is a further likeness between his work and the work of the makers of the old cottage windows, that both are fond, if not actually of the lattice style, at all events of a window cut into very small panes, with the result that it admits but little light. Thus darkness, and often closeness, combine to form the characteristic atmosphere of the small rooms of the old cottages. The lack of light does not bother the cottage dwellers much, for they are not great readers, and their eyes are not spoiled by over work. Moreover, they go to bed and rise much more reasonably than their neighbours in a higher social scale. They are not great burners of the midnight oil either for business or pleasure, and have not much occasion for a great deal of light. But as to their dread of "le grand air"; if they do not like open windows they are saved by the singular indifference with which they leave open the cottage door. The children are always in and out, or half in and half out, sitting on the threshold, and nobody within seems to mind the fact that a chilly blast is coming in through the door. The children, too, are all bareheaded, and seem to take no harm. The fact is that these people are not so sensitive to temperature as people who have been brought up more delicately; they do not notice whether it is cold or hot until their attention is drawn to the question—of course presuming that neither the heat nor cold are extreme—but as soon as they are asked to consider the point they reply at once that they like an atmosphere which "smells warm," as they say in Devonshire. In our new cottages, and under an enlightened dispensation, we give our cottagers a porch with double doors, or else arrange matters so that the door shall open into the passage. The latter is not a good plan, for it lets the



A. H. Blake.

ON A WIND-SWEPT HEIGHT.

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cold air right up through the heart of the house whenever the front door is opened; but even this is better than the old arrangement in which the front door generally opened right into the chief sitting-room, and so let the blast straight in on the sitters. From this room, which was kitchen and parlour in one, the stairway to the bedrooms generally went immediately up, with no passage, so that the bedrooms enjoyed all the advantage of the savoury smells from the kitchen. A trifle of this kind was no objection at all in the eyes, or nose, of the cottager of the old stamp. He liked all the inconveniences to which he was accustomed, and with some reason, had a special affection for his thatched roof, which modern bye-laws so rarely will permit, giving him a good warm covering in winter and a cool sun-proof shelter in summer. The thatched roofs really were one of the chief merits of an order of cottages that is very generally passing away. It is difficult enough now to get roof-thatching done at all, and still more difficult to get it well done. There is not the demand for it that there used to be, and, moreover, the ordinary cottager of the younger school deems the trade of thatcher rather beneath his dignity, even as he regards the trades of hedging and of ditching as wholly beneath him, so that it has become really difficult to have hedging done by a skilled hand guided by a head that understands it. In consequence, many hedges in the country are going to rack and ruin, for it is a business that requires to be learned, like any other. It is almost more difficult to get simple thatching well done than the more artistic and elaborate designs. There are a few to be found who will do the latter, but these are apt to think the simple work not worthy of their art.

There is a style of cottage to which the thatched roof is particularly appropriate, and there are also many styles of house to which it does not lend itself. It is not necessary to refer especially to each of the cottages shown in the accompanying illustrations. With their titles, the illustrations explain themselves sufficiently. But what may be worth notice, for the sake of making the comparison, is the picture of Broadhurst, the farmhouse. It is a kind of house rather typical of Sussex farm building. It has the tall chimneys that are characteristic, and the wall partly bricked and partly half timbered. The roof of such a house as this is typically either of tiles or of what are called Sussex slates—the heavy kind of slate that requires stout woodwork to carry it. Here it is quite plain that the thatched roof would be quite out of its place, and rather a discordant note in the harmony. On the humbler building no other kind of roof is so picturesque and appropriate.

Many of the cottagers of the old type were very clever gardeners in their way, and before many of the old cottages we may see certain flowers growing in a profusion and glory that we cannot attain by the most scientific efforts in some of our more imposing gardens. The very finest clump of Madonna lilies that the writer ever saw was in one such garden, and year after year it went on increasing in glory and size, apparently without any special pains bestowed on it. Meanwhile in the bigger gardens of the same countryside the Madonnas were doing after their own capricious manner—excellently for a year, or perhaps two; then falling off, and even when taken up and a new

lot put in seeming as if the ground had been exhausted of all the elements that could please them, and failing again and again. The only really good malmaison carnation, too, that the present scribbler has ever met growing out of doors was in another cottage garden of the like kind. This time there was an explanation—or what was put forward as an adequate explanation—of its beauty and prosperity; the old lady who owned it always gave it the emptyings of the teapot every day. This is a hint that may be worth some attention. Very many of the older cottagers were quite well acquainted with the value of soot for violets, and used to have beautiful plants owing to the liberality

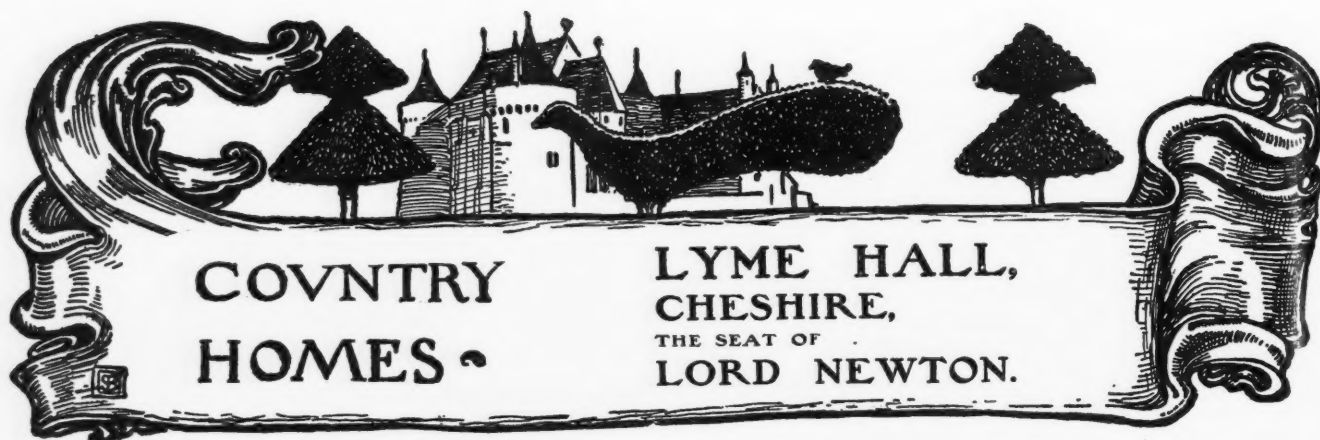


J. C. Wickison.

A NEW FOREST HOME.

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with which they sooted the soil. Now that the taste for gardening has become so general, and especially perhaps the taste for the old-fashioned flowers that we see in the cottage gardens, we are learning to have more and more respect for the success of the old cottage gardeners in growing some of the homely kinds which, in spite of their homeliness, we find do not grow to any perfection unless some care and knowledge and affection are given them. With the cottage folk, no doubt, the knowledge was the outcome of the affection and the care, and a great deal of the knowledge that we now pick up from the books of the accredited teachers and from the lips of the professional gardeners may have been found out by them, and to them our thanks should be duly rendered.



THE history and external features of the "lordly house of Lyme" are, it is quite possible, familiar to those who read these lines, for its majestic and impressive exterior has often been described. Now we are privileged to pass through the great portal in order to learn the character of the stately chambers which surround its venerable quadrangle. It will not be out of place to say something afresh concerning the annals of Lyme, in order that a little vitality may be given to the striking pictures of the richly-carved and finely-embellished galleries and apartments, many of them remaining almost untouched since the day when they were first constructed and adorned. Those who know well the great and interesting historic sites of Cheshire, rich as that county is in fine stone and timber domestic architecture, are agreed that in extent, associations, dignity of form, richness of surroundings, and all that goes to make a great and attractive seat, Lyme excels its compeers, and is a place which should be visited at the cost of time and trouble by those who pass that way. What it may lack in the picturesqueness associated with the architecture of the shire is more than compensated by the splendour and grandeur of its character.

The most remarkable point in the history of the place is its relation to the battle of Crecy. The estate lies in the old moorland of the Macclesfield Forest, and the Leghs had had associations with it in earlier times, but it was definitely granted by Richard II., in 1398, to Piers de Legh, afterwards called Perkyn à Legh, or Lee, and his wife Margaret, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Danyers, Knight, then deceased. The letters patent, which may be seen in the Cheshire Recognisance Rolls, set an old controversy at rest. It has been stated repeatedly that the grant was made to Perkyn à Legh in reward for his distinguished services at Crecy, and the armour which he is said to have worn on that historic field has been shown at Lyme Hall. It is now known that the grantee was not born until seventeen years after the battle, and that the distinguished service was rendered by his father-in-law, Sir Thomas Danyers, who was instrumental in capturing the Chamberlain de Tankerville, and was one of those who courageously rescued, or relieved, the standard of the Black Prince. For this service Danyers was to receive 40 marks per annum out of the rents of the Cheshire manor of Frodsham until such time as the King could make him a grant of £20 in land, but he died



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TO THE HALL COURTYARD.

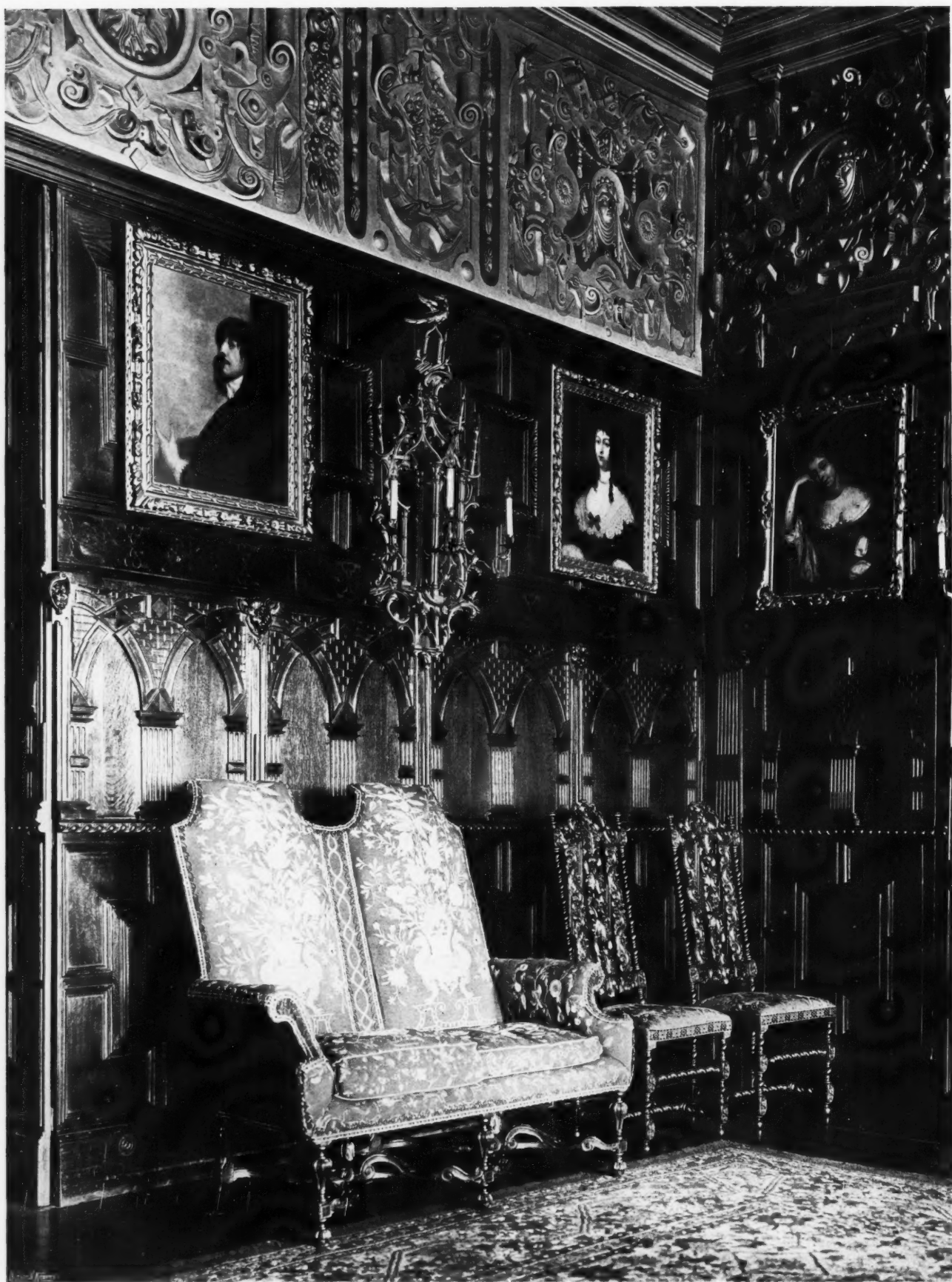
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THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

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PART OF THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

before this could be done, wherefore, by the Royal grace, and in recognition of Danyers's services, "one piece of land and pasture called Hanley" (afterwards Lyme Handley) was granted to his daughter Margaret and her husband Piers de Legh. Old Flower the herald, who should have been the fount of accuracy in such matters, was mainly responsible for confusing Sir Thomas Danyers with his son-in-law, through granting in Elizabeth's reign in rather ambiguous words an honourable augmentation to the arms of the Sir Piers Legh of the time, seemingly ascribing the deeds of Danyers to the husband of that gallant soldier's daughter. The first Legh of Lyme was, as would be supposed, a supporter of Richard II., who granted the place to him, but he paid the penalty when Richard was deposed, being captured at Chester, where he was beheaded on August 10th, 1399.

We shall pass rapidly over the subsequent history of the distinguished line. Sir Piers de Legh, son of the grantee, was one of the heroes of Agincourt. He died at Paris in 1422, his body being brought to Macclesfield for burial, and there in the

and priest," and his will directs that he shall be buried at Winwick in such manner that "the prest shall alwaies at the tyme of consecrason stand ever over and upon my harte." His son Piers or Peter Legh succeeded in 1528, and died in 1541, and was followed by his son Sir Peter Legh, who was knighted at Leith in 1544, and was sheriff respectively of Lancashire and Cheshire in 1551 and 1554. He married the daughter of Sir Thomas Gerard of Bryn when she was a child, but she lived to the age of eighty or more, and a portrait of her, in her latest years, is to be seen at Lyme, where she is depicted holding a great-grandchild in her arms. Her husband placed a series of heraldic shields in the church at Disley, giving the arms of Knights of the Garter in Elizabeth's reign, and these, having been removed from the church, are now one of the ornaments of the oriel window in the drawing-room at Lyme. The house has several portraits of this Sir Peter.

His grandson, another Sir Peter, was knighted at Greenwich in 1598, and died in 1635. There are portraits of both his wives



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THE KNIGHT'S OR GHOST'S ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

church may be seen an inscription commemorating both father and son :

"Here lyeth the bodie of Perkyn a Legh
That for King Richard the death did die,
Betrayed for righteunes;
And the bones of Sir Peers his sonne
That with King Henry the fift did wonne
In Paris."

Still another Sir Piers, who was a very prominent and active man in his day, proved himself a valiant soldier in troublous times, and was knighted at the battle of Wakefield, December 31st, 1460. Five years later he drew up a very careful account of his estates in Lancashire and Cheshire, which forms a folio of 303 pages of vellum, finely written, and still preserved at Lyme. A description of the house in which he dwelt, doubtless one of the quadrangular timber buildings of the shire, surrounded by a park, has been preserved. He died in 1479. His grandson, also Sir Piers de Legh, was knighted at Hutton Field, near Berwick, in 1482, and was seneschal of Blackburnshire—a very important office. After the death of his wife, the daughter of Sir John Savage of Clifton, he entered holy orders, and in Winwick church is a brass showing him in armour, but tonsured, and with a priest's vestments over his coat of mail. He was always described in later life as "knight

at Lyme, that of his second wife, daughter of Sir Richard Egerton, being one of the gems of the collection. His grandson was killed in a duel in London, being succeeded in the possession of Lyme by his uncle, Francis Legh, and then, through default of direct heirs, the estate went to Francis's nephew, Richard Legh. This Richard was concerned in the Cheshire Rising, and was imprisoned in York Castle, while his son Peter was suspected as a Jacobite in 1694, cast into prison at Chester, and later into the Tower of London. Nearly every subsequent owner of Lyme has taken some prominent part in local or national affairs, and Mr. William John Legh, who fought in the Crimea as a captain of the 21st Fusiliers, was raised to the peerage as Baron Newton of Newton-in-Makerfield in 1892, and was succeeded by his son, the present peer, in 1898.

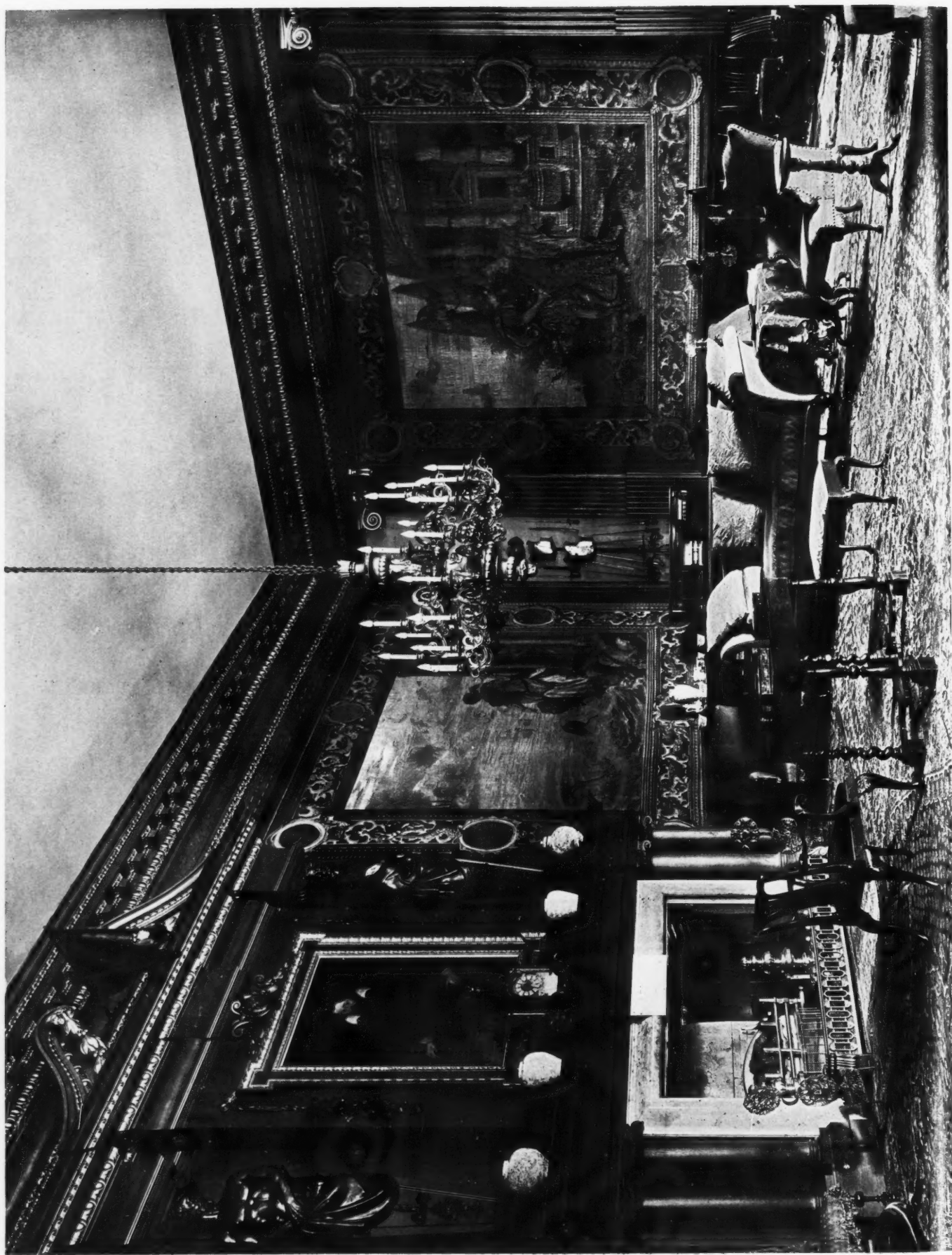
There is no mention of the structure of Lyme Hall prior to 1466, when it is described as being a fair hall, with a high chamber, kitchen, and other offices. Probably not much of this structure remains, for the house has been reconstructed and enlarged by various subsequent owners. One of the pictures accompanying this article is of the Stag Parlour, which dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, of which in the very characteristic style of its mantel it is an excellent illustration. It will be noticed that in the second range of panelling are the Royal arms of James I. between figures of Peace and Plenty,



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THE STAG PARLOUR.

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THE FRONT HALL.

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THE FRONT HALL.

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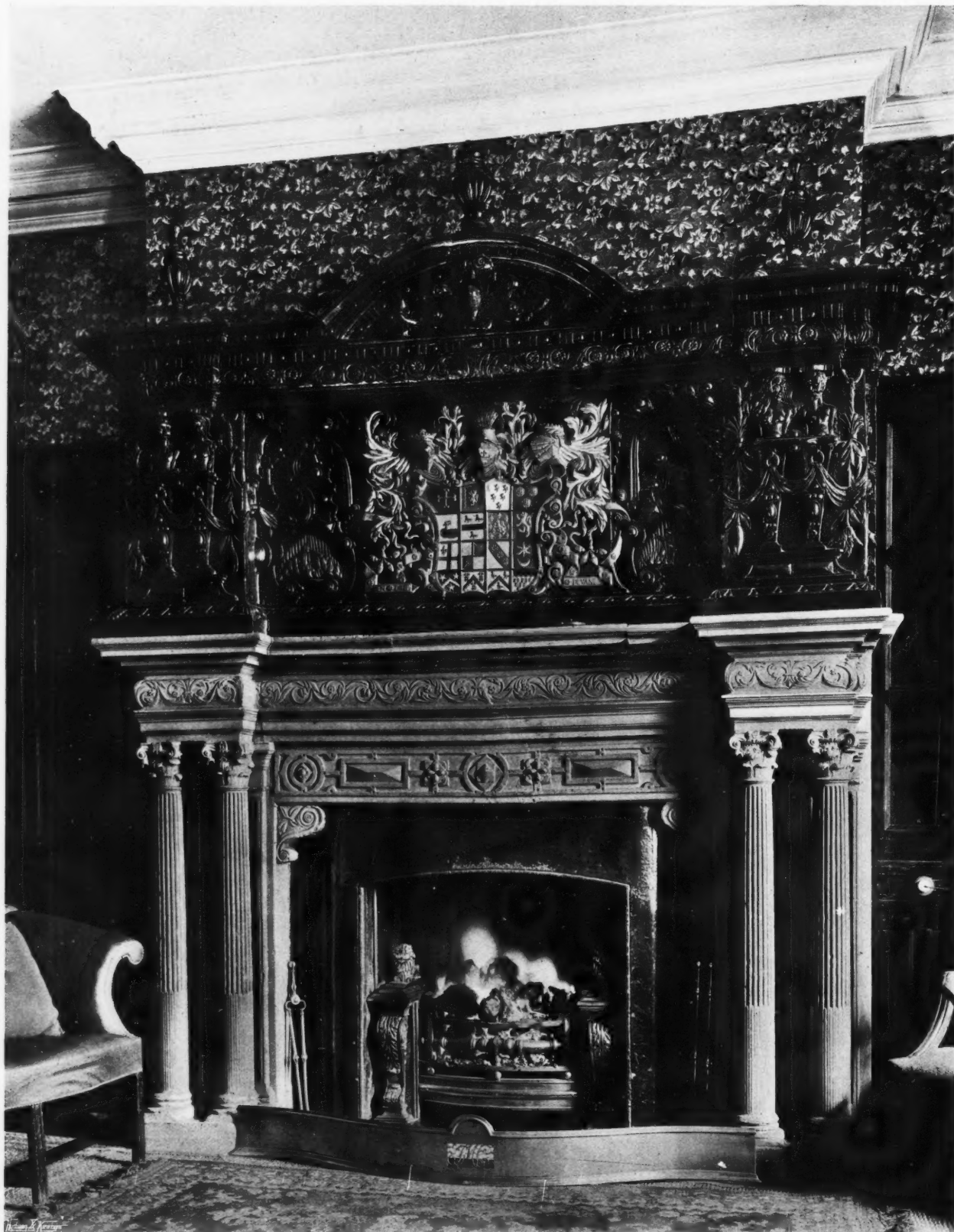
"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE DINING-ROOM.

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and above them a representation of the house, and of a stag "drive." The house is thus represented—and the representation is very unusual—as being of the customary Elizabethan or Jacobean type, with mullioned windows, a projecting porch, and advancing gabled ends, the central block being surmounted by a lantern and dome. The Stag Parlour evidently has relation to the chase of the deer, which was the principal sport of the

and shewed the red deer to most of the nobility and gentry in that part of the kingdom to the surprise and satisfaction of them and of all others that saw that performance, as he could command them at his pleasure the same as if they had been common horned cattle." This little *excursus* into a singular feature of the annals of Lyme will be forgiven, because it serves to explain the significance of the beautiful Stag Parlour.



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IN THE STONE PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

dwellers in and near the forest of Macclesfield with the Royal consent, for below the cornice are twelve panels representing a stag hunt. The apartment seems also more particularly to record the singular custom of driving the deer, which was a practice at Lyme Hall, the animals being collected once a year and driven through some water near the mansion. Mr. Joseph Watson, the park keeper, who died at the age of 105 in 1753, appears to have carried this practice to perfection. "He drove

A great change passed over the house in and about the year 1726, when Giacomo Leoni, a well-known Italian architect, who did much work in England at the time, reconstructed and partially cased the then existing structure, giving it a massive and dignified quadrangular classic form. The central lantern was taken down and re-erected in a wood about a mile from the house. The north front was partially cased, and the south front given a noble Ionic portico, with statues of Neptune and of Venus



"COUNTRY LIFE."

IN THE LONG GALLERY.

and Pan on either side. The north front is the principal entrance, and is approached through an enclosed court. It is the oldest and most interesting portion of the old house that remains, and one of the illustrations shows how fine is the character of the old stonework, and how noteworthy the view through the low round arch to the courtyard within.

On entering the quadrangle a flight of steps is seen on the east side, leading up to the great hall, and on this side also are the dining-room, ante-room, and the Stag Parlour, which has been alluded to. At the north-east angle is the chapel, with the

carved, are the royal arms of Elizabeth, flanked by caryatides which support the enriched pediment. The walls of this admirable room are panelled elaborately with oak, and above is a rich cornice rising to the splendid ceiling. Upon the wainscot hang many of the family portraits, and the old furniture is most elaborate, while the oriel window is filled with the wonderful old heraldic glass, representing shields of Knights of the Garter, placed originally by Sir Piers Legh, the friend of Flower the herald, in Disley church, and brought to Lyme as probably more suited to its character or for greater safety. The whole chamber seems to breathe the air of the spacious times of Elizabeth, and possesses a richness which no previous age had manifested.

The saloon is a scarcely less remarkable apartment, with enriched panelling of later date, adorned with splendid carving, attributed to Grinling Gibbons; and the dining-room is adorned in a similar way. The chapel is below the drawing-room, and contains two very ancient crosses unearthed at Disley many years ago. The long gallery is a fine apartment with a notable mantel-piece, which we illustrate, and there is splendid old work in the Knights' Room and the Stone Parlour. It is manifestly impossible, however, to cover all the manifold contents of the interior of Lyme Hall in a single article. Our effort has been to increase the attraction of the pictures presented. Objects of interest may be sought also in other parts of the house, including the library, and the collection of antiques and casts in the western corridor. But enough has been said to show that Lord Newton's ancient dwelling-place has been most appropriately styled "the lordly house of Lyme."

IN THE GARDEN.

AUTUMN SOWING OF SWEET PEAS.

A SUCCESSFUL grower of Sweet Peas gives the following excellent advice: "Many hardy annuals are much the better for autumn sowing. They seem to gain immense strength during their slow progress in the winter months, and the vigour of the plant when it has made its full growth in late spring or early summer is only equalled by the size and quality of its bloom. But in no annual garden plant is the gain of autumn sowing so conspicuous as in the Sweet Pea. For, instead of having to wait till July for the crop of bloom, the autumn-sown plants are in full flower in the earliest days of June, and the flowers are much larger and longer stalked than are those sown in spring, and much more welcome, as the only thing of the climbing Pea kind then in bloom. Perhaps the seedlings would not be sure to stand the winter in the colder parts of our islands, and even south of London a very cold winter may now and then destroy them; but the advantage of securing this fine early bloom in most years is well worth the risk of occasional loss. The Peas are sown in a shallow trench in a double zigzag line, giving each plenty of room, not less than 3in. from Pea to Pea. They will be about 4in. high to stand the winter. If unusually cold weather comes, a protection of Spruce boughs or anything suitable can be used. When they are making strong growth in spring, they can be slightly earthed up, and are much benefited by some not-over-strong manure water."

MAGNOLIA HYPOLEUCA.

We received a few flowers recently of this noble Magnolia, which is perhaps the most fragrant of its race. It is not unlike in foliage the great North American Magnolia (*M. tripetala*), and is a tree worth planting for this reason alone; but the flowers, which in Japan, the native country, are said to reach a diameter of 7in., are much smaller here. One bloom is, however, sufficient to flood a large room with a rich, heavy, Almond-like perfume; and in "The Forest of Japan," Professor Sargent's famous work, occurs the following reference to it: "One of the largest and most beautiful of the deciduous-leaved Magnolias, and in the early autumn, when



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THE WESTERN CORRIDOR.

drawing-room over it, other principal apartments being the saloon, library, and the long gallery, which is approached by a fine staircase. There is very splendid, though not magnificent, classic work on the south side, and we show the fine work of the staircase and gallery, which have simple and ordered dignity, with characteristic balusters, Corinthian columns, and a fine plaster ceiling. The hall is a grand apartment, with a noble classic mantel, tapestried walls, a carved cornice, and several fine portraits.

The great drawing-room, as will be seen, is a most superb chamber, and has scarcely been altered, except in its windows, since Elizabeth's reign. It has a magnificent mantel-piece resting upon coupled Ionic columns, while above, splendidly and richly

"COUNTRY LIFE."

growth in spring, they can be slightly earthed up, and are much benefited by some not-over-strong manure water."

the cones of fruit, which exceed those of any of our species in size, and are sometimes 8 in. long, and brilliant scarlet in colour, stand out on the branches, it is the most striking feature of the forests of Hokkaido, which in variety and interest are not surpassed by those of any other part of the world." The flowers are creamy white, and brownish red in the centre. It is quite a forest tree in Japan in the rich, moist districts, but we have yet to learn to what height it will grow in the British Isles.

RANDOM NOTES.

An Ivy-clad Wall.—A well-known flower-lover writes: "The Ivy is always beautiful, but when subjected to the shears it cannot give a true idea of its worth. It is only when it can branch out and come into the fruiting stage that one can fairly realise what a fine evergreen it is. Sometimes one comes across a wall where for some good reason clipping has been discontinued, and the growths have been allowed to extend both laterally and at the top. By far the finest Ivy-clad wall of this description I have seen is in Mr. F. Holme Sumner's garden at New Ham, Surrey. This wall evidently once formed the boundary to the flower garden, and is about 60 ft. in length. When I saw it in early spring it was a mass of purple berries. For many years I have seen nothing finer than this Ivy-covered wall. I once saw in a Surrey village a cottage the roof of which was completely covered with Ivy, which must have been quite 4 ft. through. It was impossible to do anything to the roof without cutting away the Ivy, and as this had evidently never been checked it must have formed a rain-proof covering."

the wayside for generations. There is no want of illustrations, for they may be found in every shire and in every village. The old-fashioned cottage, which may not be quite the place one would desire to live in, stands back from the road, and the walls, not hidden with Honeysuckle, Rose, or creepers of some kind, bear traces of age and endurance. From the wicket-gate leading to the road a cobbled footpath follows a way of its own to the door, and on each side is the flower border. There may be nothing in it that would attract a florist, but it is a place of perpetual bloom from the time of the Crocuses in spring to the Chrysanthemums and Michaelmas Daisies in autumn. Order and arrangement are absent, but the border is a charming confusion of old-fashioned flowers. The border of white Pinks in front, and the clumps of brilliant Eastern Poppies, Irises, Peonies, Larkspur, Poloxes, and the rest, seem to fall in naturally with the Roses dotted here and there, the patches of hardy annuals which occupy the same places year after year, and the Dahlias which spend the time when they are at rest in the household cellar. This is a garden of sweet scents, and the fragrance of the Clove Carnation (it is curious how the Clove flourishes in cottage gardens) blends with that of the Mignonette and the Stocks, while there is sure to be a Sweet Briar somewhere, which gives off its sweetness after a shower of rain."

A Beautiful Annual Flower.—A beautiful little plant with a long name is *Nemesia strumosa* Suttoni nana compacta, which, interpreted into simple language, means the dwarf and compact variety of the *Nemesia*. We noticed a large bed of it recently, and were charmed with the bushy and leafy growth



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LYME HALL: SOUTH GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Wild Plants as a Guide to Soil.—In a recent number of *Flora and Sylva* occurs the following instructive note: "The natural vegetation of any given district is often a good guide to soils; but when we take the whole range of the country, differing so much in its rainfall, soil, and other conditions, they are occasionally deceptive. Plants that in a warm and sunny district may resort to the shelter of woods will in high and cool districts flourish in the open. Still, we have certain large lines which we are justified in following, and land that will not grow Oaks may yet grow excellent timber trees. Also, we have to think that trees may grow and live long in a soil and never attain perfection in it. Oaks will grow anywhere in certain districts, but will not reach a profitable size; and it is a mistake to grow forest trees of any kind when they cannot be grown as profitable timber. Enormous areas of our country are covered with Heather, which often grows in the most barren land; such soil may often be well planted with the hardier Pines and Birches, but often also is so full of acid that Pines will not thrive in it. The common Juniper is an ornamental plant in certain districts of the South of England, but in soil that will not grow other trees well."

The Cottager's Garden.—"H." writes: "In flower gardening the tendency at present is to get away from the stiff and artificial, and to go in more for mixed beds, herbaceous borders, and natural effects, yet it does not seem to occur to many that this style has been followed in cottage gardens by

sprinkled over with flowers of wonderful colouring—apricot rose white, pink, buff, and minglings of many shades, a perfect surfacing of bloom, more so than in the type, which is taller and less leafy. The *Nemesia strumosa* Suttoni was introduced by Messrs. Sutton and Sons of Reading in 1888, and the compact forms have originated through crossing this flower and *Nemesia bicolor*. It is not an annual to grow in patches, but in a bold mass, to obtain that misty confused colouring which is the great charm of the flowers."

The Two Best Roses for a Town Garden.—A Rose-grower writes: "Many dwellers in gardens near large towns are perplexed, when a list of Roses is presented to them, to know the varieties to select. Roses generally are averse to the smoke and confinement of a town garden, but two are great exceptions to this rule. One is *Grus*; an *Teplitz*, and the other *Mrs. Rumsey*. The former is, I believe, what is known as a Hybrid Tea, and has been planted five years. It has never failed on any occasion to bear a forest of flowers of such sweetness and beautiful colouring—a glowing crimson—that its opening is looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation. The scent is of the true Rose delicacy, but this is partially absent from the variety *Mrs. Rumsey*, a variety I never see in the nurseryman's catalogues. It is a very strong-growing Rose, and the flowers are of the purest rose tint, which passes almost to white on the outer parts of the petals. A brighter Rose has never been raised, and it is certainly a great success in the town garden."

THE TWELFTH ON APEDALE MOOR.

LAST year, by the permission of the Duke of Devonshire, we were enabled to illustrate and describe the opening of the grouse season on the moors of the famous estate which overlooks and surrounds the ruins of Bolton Abbey. This season, by the kindness of another great Yorkshire landowner, Lord Bolton, it is possible to show the scenes on the Twelfth over the extensive and most beautiful moors to the left of Wensleydale, on the lofty range of hills which rise above the Plantagenet fortress of Bolton Castle. The coincidence of the names in accidental connection with the beginning of Yorkshire's most typical sport draws attention both to likenesses and differences. The Duke of Devonshire's moors were originally held as an appanage of a great Yorkshire monastery, and from them, in the gleams of sunshine between the showers, could be seen on the opening day, shining among woods and lawns, the walls and windows



W. A. Rouch.

OFF TO THE FIRST LINE OF BUTTS.

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far below the grouse ground rises the square mass of their dwelling, built in the reign of Richard II., the original



W. A. Rouch.

AWAY DOWN THE LINE.

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of the Abbey. The Bolton Castle moors, on the other hand, were part of a great feudal estate, that of the Scropes; and

licence to build which, issued in duplicate at the time, is still in the possession of its present owner, Lord Bolton.

Passing from the links of ancient with present history to the place of these moors in modern grouse-shooting, it may be noted that Lord Bolton's moors are the central, and probably the largest, area in the range between Wensleydale and Swaledale, which falls back to the north-east in the direction of Richmond. Going down the valley, the famous Askrigg Moor, which Mr. R. Vyner has for so many years rented of the Crown, has long been deemed a type of the productiveness which a small moor may show, though last year disease was exceedingly bad there. Then follows mile after mile of Lord Bolton's, the West Moors, Apedale — the scene of the opening day this year—Low Moor, towards Leyburn, and further on the well-known Grinton Moor, and so on to Reeth and Richmond.

Apedale is perhaps the most beautiful tract of this area. It is not a "dale" in the ordinary sense at all, for it lies 1,000ft. up in the moor; neither does it quite resemble the dale "heads"



W. A. Rouch.

THE GAME-CARRIER—LORD BOLTON ON RIGHT.

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of the Whitley Moors, where fountains of water spurt out among bracken and rowan trees over cliffs and crags. It is a very high isolated upland valley, where a stream gathers in the hidden cisterns of the hills, and then flows through a little dale of its own making, till it suddenly hurries over the edge of the heights and goes dancing down into the valley far below along a wooded and deep-cut "gill," named Bolton Gill, which is in the last covert of the Bedale Hunt. Beyond it is, so far as hunting goes, unannexed territory, consisting of moors primeval. From the rim of the moors you see far across the wooded valley below, where lies Bolton Hall, over to the King-maker's Castle at Middleham, and what Yorkshire values quite as much, the training grounds of Middleham Moor, and to the right far away to Whenside and all that group of mountains and river-heads which marks the most central portion of the Pennines.

It would be difficult to find a better scene for grouse-driving than Apedale. The valley lies like a long dish, with the stream and little flats at the bottom, broad gradual slopes of heather rising at either side, with a cross rampart of moor along the head. The lay-out of the butts naturally falls into lines at right angles to the direction of the valley, reaching up across its sides. Over these the grouse can be driven forwards and then back, and over again if it is wished; and a clear view either way for as far as the drive extends adds a good deal to the pleasures of anticipation. The variety given to moorland scenery by the modern methods of management is very prettily shown on these long slopes. Instead of the wide tracts of purple flower, broken only by the curiously flat dark green effects of bracken, the moorside is set with many different tints and textures of heather, from the dark patches burnt this spring, through the light green of the young buds springing up on ground burnt two or three seasons ago, and so on through different tints of blossom to the rich "damson and cream" colour of the old heather. Some thousand acres are burnt in patches every year on these moors; and yet a critic might say that the area of old heather might, perhaps, be still further reduced. There is very little bilberry on the moor; but, on the other hand, heather is abundant. The butts are variously constructed. Some are very solid H-shaped batteries, built of stone. One set, along the side of a deepish water-channel, are partly heather screens, on the lower line, while those above are cut out of the natural bank of the beck, in the peat. Others are built of turf. Two sets of drivers are out, and no time is lost between forward and return drives, there being just enough allowed for the pick up, and for the guns to settle in the other side of the battery, before the signal is given. An early start is an excellent part of the arrangements. On the Twelfth shooting began very shortly after 9 a.m., and luncheon was at 12.30 p.m. But then Bolton Hall is only just below in the valley.

Sir Edward Grey says that the first question which everyone intent on sport asks himself is, "What sort of a day is it?" and adds reflectively, "It is always some sort of a day—in the country." On the Twelfth at 9 a.m., about 1,000 ft. above Wensleydale, it was a very fair sort of day, the wind rather strong and rather cold, the sky rather grey, but promising better things, which promise was fulfilled. The guns were the Marquess of Exeter, Colonel the Hon. Osbert Lumley, Colonel the Hon. Augustus Cathcart, who, though within a few days of his seventy-sixth birthday, was shooting as fast and strong as if he had never known a Crimean winter or served before Sebastopol; Mr. H. Sartoris, the Hon. Dudley Carleton, the Hon. W. Algar Orde-Powlett, and Lord Bolton. Lord Bolton, who directed the day himself, always took the lowest butt, without a loader, and Mr. Orde-Powlett the upper, placing their guests in the centre. It may be premised that, though large bags have been, and continue

to be, made on these moors, there is no effort to make records or pile up figures, and that the ground is always lightly shot. Last year, in common with some other moors in the neighbourhood, there was a good deal of disease. This year, up till 3 p.m., only one diseased bird was found; but heavy snow which fell in April probably did not help the birds at rather a critical time in the breeding season.

The first line of butts, on the right-hand side of the hollow looking upwards, bears the characteristic name of "the Greets,"



W. A. Rouch.

LORD BOLTON IN HIS BUTT.

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"derivation obvious," as the glossaries say. There is a stone quarry near of the famous material for building known as "millstone grit," or gritstone, shortened to "grits," Yorkshire "greets"; indeed, all the butts are built of it, and when, after the regrettable fire at Bolton Hall, it was necessary to find new stone for cornices and string-courses, this quarry was used. Here, while the guns are settling into their places, and the first curlew is flying over, and the grouse becking, with some slight misgivings that all is not right, up wind, we may find time for a few short reflections on the subject of sheep, which are feeding on the slope opposite and by the stream.

At Askrigg, rightly or wrongly, the complaint is that



Rouch. COL. THE HON. AUGUSTUS CATHCART AND HIS DOG JOCK. Copyright.

the moor is overstocked with sheep, and that this causes the heather to diminish. On these Apedale Moors, and others, it is not suggested that the sheep, which are kept in moderation, and the shepherds and owners of which show consideration for sport while pursuing their business, do any harm at all, though grouse may be disturbed temporarily while the separation of lambs from ewes is going on early in the season. But on a very well-known moor at no great distance in the country, the experiment was tried of removing sheep

entirely. Whether for this reason or not, the results were most unsatisfactory. The grouse decreased, and in time the sheep were brought back, when matters improved. The connection is not positively shown, but it looks as if the removal of the sheep had disturbed the balance of Nature on the ground.

But here comes the first grouse, almost before the sheep question has been debated, and far away on the right a biggish lot, just on the sky-line, beyond which, and invisible, is the right-hand butt, with Mr. Orde-Powlett in it, and a bird or two drop out, killed by the unseen gun. The wind, to drop the present tense, was strong and keen, and the birds came down at a great pace, but, as often happens on the first few days, rather low, and hugging the heather, so that it was difficult to tell old from young. This did not make shooting any easier; nor did it aid the extremely difficult "variation" on shooting grouse of taking them with the hand-camera as they came on against the



W. A. Rouch.

LOW SKIMMERS TO MR. SARTORIS.

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passed the butts were going on and settling on the ground beyond which the second set of beaters were already in line, a mile and a-quarter away, ready to drive over the butts up the wind and in the reverse direction.



W. A. Rouch.

THE MARQUESS OF EXETER TURNING FOR A SECOND BARREL.

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purple background. The flankers, well forward in the valley, put the birds into the centre line with great success, in spite of the terrific pace at which they were coming forward. Soon all the guns were busy, and, at the same time, the birds which

Picking up the first grouse of the season is like the first glass of champagne at dinner—it is better than all the rest. Not the most unemotional of sportsmen, who has slain his thousands and tens of thousands, can refrain, as he takes the first bird that

his retriever picks up after the drive is over, from laying it back downwards in his hand and smoothing its feathers, while the retriever, with a positive grin of delight on its jolly black face, looks up at him to say how he shares the ecstasy of the moment before he dashes off to fetch the next bird. Shifting over to the other side of the H-shaped butts, the up-wind drive was awaited. Here, as was to be expected, the birds came rather less fast, and tended to rise higher over the guns. But it is astonishing at what a pace healthy grouse can go against the air current. When we remember that a very mild breeze is going fifteen miles an hour, the muscular momentum which can send a grouse whizzing like a cricket ball in a boundary hit to long-on against a twenty-mile wind can be understood, if not explained. It was rather



W. A. Rouch.

SHOOTING WELL IN FRONT.

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interesting to note in this drive how, though coming against the wind, a number of grouse rose almost at once and flew back over the butts—possibly birds which had been sent over from the further extremity of the first drive and were anxious to get back home. In both drives the fondness which grouse have for flying along the upper side of a slope was clearly shown. There was absolutely no choice of wind or ground, for the wind was astern and the ground a long equable slope. But the upper line was chosen by a large proportion of the birds, according to immemorial grouse tradition. The first drive was again brought over this "Greets" line of butts, and then a move was made to the other side of the valley.

It is curious what a happy feeling of hope or of rooted belief always clings to "the other side" in sport. The biggest trout are always and invariably believed to be "on the other side" where a river divides two properties or runs through one but is not fordable. So in shooting a valley, however good the sport, there is always a deep and underlying conviction that more birds still will be found "on the other side." This time the conviction was correct, for there were more birds on the other side, and over the next line of butts, known as "Pass Pastures," they came thick and fast enough, this time altering their usual penchant for the upper line into a steady impulse to cross rather lower down towards the valley, and then after passing, swinging up, such as were left of them, on to the hill beyond. In the return drive over these butts the birds also came well, and everyone had a chance of killing whatever might be his particular favourite in the large range of possibilities among the shots offered by driven grouse, some very high birds indeed being brought down on the left as they twisted in a half desire to cross the valley. And so to lunch in the open at 12.30 p.m., with the proper number of drives accomplished,

name for such an ore-washing pool was a "hush," also given to "a part of a mine which had been cleared for excavation by an artificial flow of water," on the principle of the water-drills used in some open-air mining still. "Musk" means dark, which explains itself. The miners are gone, and the ore is all "got"; but the "musk hush" still gives its name to a line of ground over which the grouse came very freely, giving shooting all along the line, Lord Exeter killing some very long shots, with his 20-bore, at grouse which had crossed and were going down wind at a pace which looked as if it would carry them into the valley. The photographs on which these remarks are comments will show the *dramatis persone* of this pretty and interesting day's sport, including, besides the guns and spectators, the dogs and the grouse. The party at lunch were joined by the Marchioness of Exeter, Miss Sybil Dawnay, Miss Orde-Powlett, and her brother. Among the dogs used, Labrador retrievers predominated. One handsome dog of another class, which accompanied Colonel the Hon. Augustus Cathcart, had a certain history. It had been left with him by a tenant who went out to the war in South Africa to keep until he came back. He did not survive the victory of Paardeberg, and the dog remains as a permanent guest. C. J. C.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE BIRD QUESTION.

FROM a correspondent, whose veracity is beyond question, we have received the following letter, which we give without comment of our own: Sir,—I hope you will permit me to say a few words about the reckless way in which many humanitarians talk about birds. I should like to know how many of them have interests actually



W. A. Rouch.

BETWEEN THE DRIVES.

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though the grouse were not so plentiful as was perhaps hoped for. Rather a pretty incident seen just before this was the appearance of a covey of almost tame grouse, which ran close before the party on their way to the butts. These birds had been hatched near to the only cottage in this high valley, one but occasionally occupied. But they were in the habit of sunning themselves close to the door, and had become accustomed to see strangers. Let us hope that none of them was shot.

Higher up the valley is a line of butts, also at right angles to its course, and bisecting the long slope to the left, called "Musk Hush." This very curious name has also its meaning. On these hills were some ancient lead-mines. On the Pennines grouse and lead-mining are often geographically connected. At Alston, in Cumberland, for instance, the lead-miners are often your best drivers, and both lead mines and grouse-shooting are hired from Greenwich Hospital, this still odder association being due to the fact that, when the estates of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater were confiscated, the King handed them over to Greenwich Hospital. On Apedale there were also lead-mines, the remains of which are there, in the form of certain ruins, and the pools in which the ore was washed. The local

stake, or if they would care to sacrifice a considerable part of their livelihood to their love of bird-life? To people like myself, who have to earn a large part of their livelihood from the land, many of the remarks are most irritating. A short account of my personal experience will perhaps tell you why. In early years I farmed in the North of England in a district where there were few trees and where fruit was not extensively grown. I found there three bird enemies that cost me many pounds per annum: they were the sparrow, the rook, and the wood-pigeon. If anyone pretends that these are friends of the farmer I would like to ask his credentials, because I do not believe that such a statement could come from the mouth of any intelligent man who had actually cultivated land in the circumstances to which I have alluded. Recently I took a fruit farm in the South of England, knowing extremely little of the ravages birds are capable of, and I may say I have been a bird-lover all my life, and that there is scarcely any pleasure I know equal to that of seeing one of these beautiful wild creatures flying free and happy in the fields. So much is this the case that I declined to follow the usual practice of shooting the blackbirds and thrushes which came to the orchard. These songsters were in such small numbers in the

district where I was previously located that we never in the slightest degree grudged them what they could pilfer. It was, however, different in the Southern fruit orchard. No sooner was the man forbidden to kill any more than a clean sweep was made of the fruit trees covering nearly two acres of ground. In the morning there was, to all appearance, a first-rate crop of cherries; in the evening not a single one was left. Now I should very much like those who go on so much about the inhumanity of killing birds to try life on a fruit farm in such circumstances. Would they give up their livelihood for the purpose of seeing birds enjoy themselves? My misfortunes did not end here. In addition to the orchard I have a garden well planted with small fruits—gooseberries, the various kinds of currants, raspberries, and so forth. These, too, were absolutely cleaned out except for a few baskets that were taken as soon as the fruit became ripe. In this case the blackbirds were the chief sinners. I did not shoot them, but over and over again I have seen them come and eat berries to repletion. Nor were they the only sinners. Several times a flight of starlings alighted on the trees and left nothing

behind them. Jays and rooks come occasionally, and I venture to set down the opinion—which I do not think any man of practical experience will set aside—that fruit-farming for profit is absolutely impossible unless strong measures are taken with the birds. I wish it were otherwise, because unfortunately you cannot shoot the thieves without frightening away some of the very beautiful birds that haunt an English garden. There was a family of goldfinches here that gave me the greatest pleasure. I could not imagine anything prettier than the sight of the parent birds feeding their fluttering chicks on the waving sprays of the trees in the orchard. The bullfinches and the fly-catchers were almost equally attractive, and I am glad to say that still at night a great white owl floats over the tops of the fruit trees which of recent nights have been silvered by the moonlight. If anyone can tell me how to keep all these beautiful guests without encouraging those that come for plunder, I should feel greatly indebted to him. But, in my opinion, no humanitarian has a right to say much about cruelty unless he has had practical experience. Mere sentiment is a very thin thing when pitted against the right to live.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

It would not have been easy to find a more capable editor of a book on *The Norfolk Broads* (Methuen) than Mr. W. A. Dutt, and the volume he has turned out ought to be a delight to all holiday-makers at this season. To do all our fault-finding at the beginning, we take the end portion of the book, the "Glossary of Broadland Terms and Provincialisms," and we cannot help wishing that it had been more carefully compiled. Many of the words inserted are not by any means peculiar to the Broadlands, but are parts of the English language. "Babbling," or "bobbing," is a name for eel-catching as common at Burnham-on-Crouch as it is in Broadland; "blade" is quite a common word for the leaves of the reed or sedges; "ding" is in everyday use in the Northern part of Great Britain; "drey" is, of course, the proper term all over England for a squirrel's nest, as is the word "elvers" for young eels; "enow" for enough, "flappers" for wild ducks, "haysel" for hay-making, "mind" for remember, "nigh" for nearly, "pattens" for skates, "puit" for a black-headed gull, "staithe" for a wharf or landing-stage, and "skep" for a kind of basket, are examples of words that are in no sense provincial, but must be familiar to all who know anything of literature. Indeed, some of the words that we find in this vocabulary surprise us not because there is anything strange in them, but because we believed them to have come from a different locality. A good example is "sight"—"a sight more" in the sense of a good deal more.

Mr. Dutt's own contribution to the book is excellent. He begins by giving a very interesting account of the early history of the Broadlands. It would have been still more interesting had more particulars been given. He says, "the system of forced labour was keenly resented"—presumably during the prevalence of the manorial system; but whether he refers to the labour rent, with which the serf paid for the land, the context scarcely shows, and we doubt, too, if he has grasped the real reason of the outbreak of peasants after the great plague. We should like to know how far it was connected in East Anglia with the rage for wool-farming that set in at the time. His statement that in the sixteenth century "the peasantry remained little better than serfs, crouching, like whipped hounds, at the feet of the lords of the manors," is scarcely consistent with what we know of the rugged and bold peasant of that time. But when Mr. Dutt comes to modern times he is simply excellent, and nothing can be more wholesome than his advice to those who would gain an intimate knowledge of this most interesting district:

"To gain a real knowledge of these they must, to some extent, 'rough it,' as the early adventurers did, trudge the river walls, associate with the eel-catchers, marshmen, reed-cutters, and Breydon gunners, explore the dykes unnavigable by yachts, and the swampy rush-marshes where: lapwing and redshank nest, spend days with the Broadsman in his punt, and nights with the eel-catcher in his house-boat, crouch among the reeds to watch the acrobatic antics of the bearded titmouse, and fraternise with the wherry-men at the staithe and ferry inns."

His description of Broadland during the various seasons has the intimacy that one might expect. The following, for instance, is a beautiful sketch of a moonlight night in spring:

"The moon had risen above the hills, and the old inn, the brash-topped willows, the cottages on the shore, and the masts of the wherries on the river, were clearly outlined, like Indian ink silhouettes, against a sky-background of star-speckled, slaty blue, while a shimmering lane of silvery light stretched from the cabin window to the dark shore. Not a breath of wind stirred the dark-plumed reeds and slender willow wands, but across the sky drifted little pearly clouds and films of mist. The curved white ironwork of the bridge—beneath which the tide was ebbing—gleamed in the moonlight

like a lunar rainbow. Except for the lapping of the tide, the only sounds I heard were the crying of the redshank on the Herringfleet marshes and the chucking of a sedge-warbler, which, in the midst of a neighbouring reed-bed, was continually bursting into song. The rower of a little gunpunt which went gliding down stream passed under the bridge so silently that I thought he must be either the water-bailiff or some fisherman anxious to escape the bailiff's notice; the punt with its noiselessly moving oars looked like a great black water-beetle."

We cannot do better than place beside it a companion picture of a night in summer:

"The beauty and enchantment of a fine summer night in Broadland make a lasting impression even on the least impressionable natures. The golden glory of sunset fades into an amber afterglow, against which windmills, farmsteads, and alder cars are seen in striking silhouette. The breeze, which all day has filled white sails and set green reeds whispering, dies away. Over Broad, river, and marsh a sudden silence falls, broken only by the splash of a leaping fish, the cry of some night-bird, the rustle of a vole in the hovers, or the creak of a rowlock of some belated angler's boat. The fragrance of the water-side wild flowers becomes stronger than it has been during the daytime; thousands of moths begin fluttering over river, road, and dyke. In a copse near the river a nightjar begins churring—a weird, mysterious, haunting voice of solitude and night; and presently, like a shadow, a sombre bird-shape comes out of the gloom of the copse, and flies, now silently, now with flapping wings, along the copse border. For a few moments it circles in the open, where its widespread wings are seen against the blue of the night sky; then it vanishes, and again the strange churring, now loud, now subdued, makes the air seem vibrant, and the copse haunted by some phantom of the night. When it ceases, the night seems 'full of a watchful intentness'—Nature holds her breath while she waits to hear that haunting voice again."

Autumn and winter are alike to him, and no one could possibly want a more competent guide to the district.

In addition to Mr. Dutt's own contribution he has secured the assistance of several well-known writers. The Rev. M. C. H. Bird, for instance, writes on bird-life, and gives a very exhaustive account of it. His remarks upon the ruffs and reeves are, however, somewhat melancholy reading, as he considers that they must now be included in the list of the lost species. Among ducks, he tells us, the shoveller has increased, but the garganey teal and the spotted rail retain a very doubtful claim to be ranked as breeding species. The Norfolk plover has ceased to breed in the sandhills within the last twenty years. His description of the way in which strange birds are sought for is sad reading also to all but collectors:

"So sharp an outlook is now kept for varieties, that probably not a single avian stranger stays more than a day to rest here without its presence being detected, even if its skin is not secured. Some of the scarce and tiny warblers may, indeed, escape observation during the summer months; but it is practically impossible for any larger bird to defy detection, so many trained and eager eyes are always and everywhere on the look-out for something to annex, or to report upon. No other county, probably, has, for the last thirty years at least, been more thoroughly and systematically worked, both for birds and eggs."

The fishing has been done by Mr. A. J. Rudd, the wild-fowling by that very capable writer on the subject, Mr. Nicholas Everitt, and the geological history of the Broadlands has been written by Mr. F. W. Harmer. It will thus be seen that the book forms a most complete guide to the district both in summer and in winter. It will be found quite useful by those who visit the Broads, and those who have not the good fortune to do so will be able to enjoy them by proxy in their armchairs if they will purchase this book.

There is no more interesting district in the whole of Great Britain than the Broads, and than Mr. W. A. Dutt no more competent writer can be found.

THE "AULD BRIG OF AYR."

LORD ROSEBERY has performed a very useful service in directing public attention to the proceedings of the Ayr Town Council, which in its wisdom has decided to pull down, or at any rate to rebuild, the "Auld Brig of Ayr." In response the local authorities have offered to give facilities to any engineer to examine the bridge for the purpose of seeing if preservation is possible. In the meantime their resolution stands where it did, and the work of preparing the plans is about to be commenced. Lord Rosebery says that the world "will judge the destruction with unanimous condemnation," and one would think that the authorities of Ayr would have recognised how much the town is indebted to the great poet. How many thousands of tourists must have quoted the "Brigs o' Ayr" standing on this, and, indeed, the structure is itself a rebuke to modern innovators. The prophecy that Burns put into the mouth of the old bridge, "I'll be a brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn!" was actually fulfilled, for the new bridge, erected in 1788, gave way and had to be replaced in 1877. The old bridge, concerning which the agitation has been raised, is said to have been built in the reign of Alexander III. (1249-85), and certainly, after it has withstood wind and water for so many centuries, it is worth preserving as an historical monument, even if there be not forthcoming an engineer who will be able to preserve and make it fit for modern traffic.



G. W. Wilson.

THE CONDEMNED BRIDGE.

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grounds here at present we have a blackbird's nest building; a wren's nest, and a greenfinch's nest, both with fresh eggs; and also, I believe, a pair of bullfinches nesting.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FEATHERED FOES OF GAME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I really don't think any serious rejoinder is needed to the reply made by "H. B. M." to my comments on his article. Let him be left to the "considerable amusement" caused to him by finding that there are still some people opposed to the extermination of rare birds to which the main gist of his article was an incitement. An *ex post facto* retraction of attacks made upon peregrines, merlins, hobbies, and kestrels does not remove the effect caused by the original attempt to represent all of them as deserving, more or less, of destruction. Perhaps it is only one sign of the times that a person should write a dissertation on the habits of hawks, and yet not know a merlin when he sees a very distinct portrait of one annexed to his own article. And another that the sport in which numberless wise and brave kings and potentates have taken great delight should be described as "harrying an unfortunate bird to death with hawks."—E. B. M.

EAGLES THROWING YOUNG FROM NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be very much obliged if any of your readers can give any information on the habit which stalkers (who have, perhaps, exceptional opportunities of forming an opinion) allege to be common among eagles of throwing out from the eyrie one of the two young ones generally hatched, and allowing it to die of starvation, if it escape the kindlier fate of a broken neck. They speak rather as if it were the habit of the parent birds to throw out one of their progeny, but it seems to me far more probable, presuming the principal part of the statement to be true, that it is really the stronger of the two young eaglets that thrusts out its weaker brother or sister; and if we are to assume this, the case immediately begins to have rather an added interest, because the behaviour of the young eaglet would seem to be so very like that which is especially peculiar to the young cuckoo in getting rid of its foster brothers and sisters. Stalkers will often tell you, too, that one of the eagles' eggs is almost always distinctly smaller than the other, but probably in this case they make a general statement from too few instances.—H.

THE SILENT BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This year the song-thrushes and blackbirds in this district commenced to sing exceptionally early, and were heard at the commencement of February. It would seem, however, that the earlier they commence to sing the sooner they cease, for the last time I heard the missel-thrush was as long ago as May 29th, and the blackbirds became silent during the first week of July, which is at least ten days earlier than is usually the case. The thrush I

heard for the last time on July 10th, which is about a week earlier than usual. On the other hand, the willow-warblers did not commence to sing until April 23rd, whereas they are usually in song about April 15th. They are, as a rule, silent by July 3rd or 4th, whereas this season they kept up their song till about July 20th. Another rather remarkable fact is that, this season, large clumps of birches are absolutely devoid of leaves, and are as bare as in midwinter. This is said to be due to some small insect.—SETON P. GORDON, Aboyne, N.B.

P.S.—As an evidence of the fine summer, I may mention that in our

BIRDS POISONING THEIR YOUNG IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been interested in the correspondence in your columns on this subject. When a lad, and residing in North Cornwall, I often heard the tale of old birds poisoning their young in captivity repeated by the country-folk, but my experience has been quite the contrary. I have many times taken a nest of goldfinches, greenfinches, or linnets, placed it in a cage, hung this on a branch near the spot, and left the young birds to be fed by their parents. In every case the nestlings have been cared for by the old birds until they were able to feed themselves. I have reared many "nests" in this way, and never met with a failure. Of course, as soon as the young ones can feed themselves, it is wise to give them suitable food, for the parents will then soon cease attending to them.—W. H. GILLET, Elm Cottage, Phillack, Hayle.

RABBITS SHAMMING DEATH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Re the letter in your issue, dated August 5th, under the above heading, I thought it might be interesting to some of your readers if I wrote to say that, at a large rabbit-warren in Merioneth, I, some years ago, saw many rabbits feigning death, though I have never noticed it in ordinary country field life.—G. P. PROCTOR.

THE OLD ENGLISH BLACK RAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is an evident error in the letter from your farming correspondent, quoted on page 189 of your issue for August 12th, which it may be worth while to correct. The rat to which he therein refers as probably "increasing on the Borders" is, no doubt, the vole, or water-rat, as it is generally called (*Arvicola amphibius*), which inhabits open country in the neighbourhood of ditches or drains, and often does considerable harm; and, though it is not, strictly speaking, black, it is dark brown, and black in comparison with the common brown rat (*Mus decumanus*). There is, indeed, a melanistic variety of the water-vole which is quite black, and which occurs in some places upon the Borders, but it is rare. The true black rat (*Mus rattus*) has long been exterminated upon the Borders, and now only exists in one or two towns throughout the country. It is essentially a town dweller, or, at least, an inhabitant of buildings, and does not take to a country life any more than the common house-mouse does.—L. G.

A QUEER FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While trying on Friday, in vain, to catch a trout in a pond here, a rat swam across. I cast at him, and hooked him in the head. At the second cast I got him into the landing-net, with some trouble, and my terrier dog killed him at once. A fine old barn rat.—MEDCALF, Benenden, Cranbrook.



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TRUNK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of an old trunk, with the Royal crown and cipher of George I. on its front and the fleurs-de-lys design on the lid, may be of interest to your readers, as being somewhat of the same character as the trunk which belonged to Queen Catherine Parr. The trunk is of wood, covered with leather, and the design is executed with brass furniture nails. The escutcheons and angle-bands, being of solid pierced brass, the whole is very effective. Of its history I know nothing except that I bought it at a Suffolk dealer's twenty years ago, who told me it came from a family in the neighbourhood of Aldeburgh.—F. W. B.

WASPS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In reply to the enquiry of your correspondent, Mr. F. W. Bennet, the destruction of a wasp's nest, by the use of cyanide of potassium, is not only simple, but interesting, and the process is the most efficacious known to me. One or two lumps of the poison should be dissolved in a bottle of water—more or less, according to the capacity of the bottle—and this should, of course, be kept closely stoppered. A wasp's nest having been discovered in a hole in the ground, all that is necessary is to pour a little of the liquid over the mouth of the hole, and retire. If a suitable opportunity is watched for, this can be done without alarming the insects, and the operator may then safely wait, at a few paces distance, to watch developments. Not a single wasp will emerge from the nest, all being suffocated by the fumes of the cyanide, and any wasp, as he comes to the hole, will, in a second or two, turn over upon his back, and very quickly expire. And after waiting a sufficient time, to allow all outsiders to come in, the nest may with perfect safety be turned out with a spade, its economy examined, and the grubs, if needed, used for fishing, for than these there are few better baits for trout. The grubs may not all be dead, but I have never, in a nest so treated, found a single adult wasp alive. In case the grubs are wanted for fishing, it may just be added that they are much improved and toughened by a slight baking before use.—LICHEN GREY.

[Of course, this bait is forbidden in many waters.—ED.]

GOAT-FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Holmes Pegler's letter in your issue of August 5th, may I be allowed to give my experience. There is no demand, at present, for goat's milk, because the people are well aware of the difficulty experienced in procuring the article. I could give you a list of doctors, well known to the public, who would be glad to find purveyors of goat's milk. I myself had a customer in Harley Street, who paid me 2s. a quart for goat's milk daily for five months. I only had two goats, and could not keep up the supply, as they both had kids at the same time. That there is a demand for milch goats shows well enough that people realise the excellence of the product, but are alive to the fact that unless they keep a goat themselves they cannot

get the milk, otherwise why should they go to the trouble and expense of keeping the animal?—(MRS.) G. NIXON, 15, Manhattan Mansions, London, N., late Mayfield, Tonbridge.

LIFE IN INDIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph represents fisher-folk in India. With their brown nets and quaint-shaped baskets, they present a very picturesque appearance, but, on closer investigation, one finds out that they belong to the "great unwashed." Their earnings must be very meagre, but they seem to thrive and wax fat on them. Of course, they are not much bothered with milliners' and tailors' bills, their costume being, as can be seen by the photograph, very light and airy!—(DR.) PERCY A. RIPLEY, Civil Surgeon, Balasore, Orissa, India.

CHEAP COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I make some remarks in reference to your article "Cheap Cottages on Exhibition." You say, in reference to Letchworth, that "preparations are being made to house a considerable number of workmen, on the assumption that the factories will be induced to remove from the crowded towns to these open spaces." But if this should happen, surely there would be an end of the "Garden City," for, as you say, "owners of factories are actuated by purely commercial principles." My idea of the Garden City is that no manufacturer should be tolerated except for the purpose of supplying the Garden City itself. If you go beyond this, you have simply another town added to the list; this surely cannot be the object of the promoters and those who are asked to subscribe on a more or less philanthropic basis. The Garden City is surely one where the comforts of life may be enjoyed without the stress, storm, and dirt of the ordinary commercial town. A garden city of factories is not exactly ideal. The idea was, I thought, to draw people from the overcrowded towns and induce them to live a simpler and purer life.

If this is otherwise, what differentiates this scheme from any other commercial operation? Ideals are difficult, certainly.—MELIBRUS.

TWYFORD YEW.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Twyford (in Domesday Book Tuiforde) is three miles south of Winchester, with a railway station at Shawford. The village is noted for its natural beauties and picturesque charms, and fully deserves the proud designation of "the queen of Hampshire villages." It is also celebrated for the venerable and remarkably symmetrical yew tree in its churchyard, of which a photograph is given. How long the tree has been growing there is no

certain record, so far as is known, but considering its great size and height there is little doubt that its age can be reckoned by hundreds of years; and, indeed, the artist when photographing this fine old tree was told by a passing clergyman that there could be no doubt it was fully 1,000 years old. Probably it was planted in the time of Henry III., who, we learn, ordered the planting of yews in churchyards for the making of bows. If the visitor goes beneath it and gazes up into its branches he will see a wondrous sight.—S. W.

